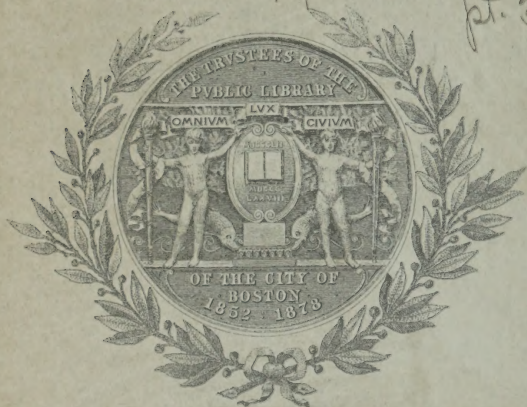




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pt. 3.



GIVEN BY

Francis J. Garrison.

Issued with Half a Million Leeds Anti-slavery Tracts.

THE

GARLAND OF FREEDOM;

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS, CHIEFLY ANTI-SLAVERY.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

BY

A FRIEND OF THE NEGRO.

PART III.

LONDON:

W. AND F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET;
WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

MDCCCLIII.

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BY A FRIEND OF THE NEGRO.

PART III.

Bards of Freedom's favoured strand!
Ye who, with impassion'd hand,
Sweep the chords of Liberty—
Strike at last your loftiest key!
Beak the watchword through the land!
Shout 'till every Slave is free!"

LONDON:

W. AND F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET;
WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

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cont.

Part 3.

Francis J. Garrison.

Nov. 28, 1900.

W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,

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THE
GARLAND OF FREEDOM:

A COLLECTION OF ANTI-SLAVERY POEMS.

THE SLAVE'S ADDRESS TO BRITISH LADIES.

NATIVES of a land of glory,
Daughters of the good and brave,
Hear the injured negro's story,
Hear, and help the kneeling slave.
Think how nought but death can sever,
Your loved children from your hold,
Still alive, but lost for ever,
Ours are parted, bought, and sold !

Seize, then, every favouring season,
Scorning censure or applause ;
Justice, truth, religion, reason,
Are your leaders in the cause !
Follow ! faithful, firm, confiding,
Spread our wrongs from shore to shore ;
Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
Slavery shall be known no more !

TYRANNY.

AN AFRICAN SCENE.

At eventide was heard a loud,
A shrill, and doleful wail ;
That seem'd to pierce the gath'ring cloud,
And hush the lingering gale.

'Twas not the sea-fowl's piteous cry,
 As when some ruthless hand
 Seeks where her helpless brood may lie,
 Along the rocky strand :

It was not like the feign'd alarm
 In proud Augusta's * walls,
 Where Europe's tragic masters charm
 Her lofty, crowded halls ;

Ah ! no, the sea-bird was at rest,
 High on the craggy steep ;
 And mimic woe, in borrow'd vest,
 Ne'er ventures here to weep,

Where Sad Reality hath fix'd
 Her dark and awful cell ;
 And where, with bitterness unmix'd,
 Doth Grief for ever dwell.

It was, in accent shrill and loud,
 A negro's piercing wail ;
 And Heav'n did hear, beyond the cloud,
 Distracted Sorrow's tale.

“ Give me my child ! ” a mother cried,
 “ My sweet, my lovely boy
 (Give me my child, the rocks replied) ;
 Or else my life destroy.

When, from the chase, his princely sire,
 My Krishloo, shall return,
 And 'midst this fierce o'erwhelming fire
 Shall see his village burn ;

Shall know that ruthless hands have torn
 His wife, his son, away,
 What dread revenge, what hate and scorn,
 Around his brow will play !

* One of the ancient names of London.

What rage, within his dauntless breast,
 Will move the warrior's frame!
 While not a white man here shall rest,
 For dread of Krishloo's name.

I cannot, will not leave my babe,
 Source of my dearest joy:
 O! give me back," she shrieking said,
 "My sweet, my lovely boy!"

While thus she spake, a savage band,
 A sanguinary crew,
 Of *Christian* traders, on the sand,
 Rush'd fiercely into view.

They'd seiz'd the mother, when they tore
 The infant from her arms,
 Like fiends incarnate; while the shore
 Re-echo'd her alarms.

"A prize! A prize!" the monsters cry;
 A princess of the land!
 One who shall yield a ransom high,
 Before we quit the strand.

"But, wretch! forbear thy useless screams,"
 Exclaim'd th' infuriate train;
 "Awake from these prepost'rous dreams,
 And wear thy master's chain.

Talk not of princes, nor of powers,
 On feeble Afric's coast;
 We fear them not—and thou art ours,
 Whate'er the rank thou boast."

O'ercome by brutal force, she fell,
 To human wolves a prey,
 As, senseless, through a gloomy dell,
 They bore her form away.

And with her, in that hapless hour,
 Full many a sable swain,
 Did bow beneath the white man's power,
 In dungeons of the main.

The deadly horrors of that night,
 How shall the muse pourtray !
 The curling smoke, and glaring light,
 Where towns in ashes lay !

The shrieks of Afric's frantic maids,
 The binding of her swains,
 The stifled cries from burning shades,
 Confusion, blood, and chains !

O ! 'twas Apollyon's hateful hour,
 When lust and rage bore sway ;
 But cruel wrath's despotic power
 Will Heav'n's high hand repay.

Time yet will come, 'tis His decree,
 When tyrant force shall fail ;
 When, Justice, all who trample thee,
 For evermore must wail.

From THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Genius of America ! the kings of the earth cry out to thee, "Aha !
 aha ! art thou become like unto us ?"

The following scene in Washington, narrated by an eye-witness, is
 worthy of General Haynau or his Majesty of Naples :—

"Near my residence lived a respectable coloured woman, with six
 children. By her industry and good conduct she had gained the esteem
 of all who knew her ; and, though a slave, she was permitted to apply a
 portion of her wages, *earned as a cook*, to support her family. She was,
 besides, making efforts to purchase her freedom.

"While one day engaged in her usual work, a constable laid hands
 on her, and ordered her to follow him to a slave-pen. Had a thunder-
 bolt crushed her to the earth, she could not have been more shocked
 than at the summons. Reluctantly she prepared to go ; but, refusing
 to be *dragged* by the brutal official, a struggle ensued, in which a second
 constable was called to assist. When I saw her, she could scarcely
 stand on her feet ; her hands were tied behind her ; she was moaning as
 if in great anguish, and in broken sobs beseeching the bystanders to
 protect her.

"One of the constables had previously, with a furious and well-
 directed blow, felled her to the earth ; and while she lay senseless they
 had bound her, and in her bloody garments they now hurried her off to

the head-quarters of these land pirates, there to die or await her shipment to the Southern market.”— *Washington Correspondent of the Free Democrat*.

And thus the tragedy goes on. A mighty tide of tears and blood, billowed with the sighs and groans of its million victims. The history of the individual slave is but an index to the entire volume of wrong and suffering. Would that such biographies were our school-books—ourselves Hamilears, and our children Hannibals—all learning thereby eternal enmity to the spirit of oppression!

“And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt; and have heard their cry, by reason of their task-masters; for I know their sorrows” (Exod. iii. 7).

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains !
 Slaves, in a land of light and law !
 Slaves, crouching on the very plains
 Where roll'd the storm of freedom's war !
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell ;
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well !*

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men,
 The groan of breaking hearts is there,
 The falling lash, the fetter's clank !
Slaves—slaves are breathing in that air
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank !

What, ho ! *our* countrymen in chains !
 The whip on woman's shrinking flesh !
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !

* The four last lines of this stanza refer to localities celebrated in the American revolutionary war, in which the British colonies revolted against the mother country, and, after a struggle of seven years, asserted their independence. The war had its origin in the refusal of the colonists to pay some trifling taxes which were illegally imposed upon them. How infinitely greater the wrongs of their own three millions of slaves !

What ! mothers from their children riven !
 What ! God's own image bought and sold !
 Americans to market driven,
 And barter'd as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?
 To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear
 The paltry *menace* of a chain ;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy liberty and light,
 Say shall these writhing slaves of wrong,
 Plead vainly for their plunder'd right ?

What ! shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave ?
 Shall prayers go up and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
 And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning ?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendome's pile, and Schoenbrun's wall,
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call ?
 And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain ?
 And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
 And groan for freedom's gift, in vain ?

O say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave ?
 And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake, and Neva's wave ?
 And shall the wintry-bosom'd Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
 And bid his bondmen cast the chain
 From fetter'd soul and limb aside ?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go, let us ask of Constantine
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
 To spare the struggling Suliote—
 Will not the scorching answer come
 From turban'd Turk and fiery Russ:
 "Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
 Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn, the Heathen's mirth,
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in freedom's manly part,
 From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
 And on the nation's naked heart
 Scatter the living coals of truth!
 Up, while ye slumber, deeper yet
 The shadow of our fame is growing!
 Up, while ye pause, our sun may set
 In blood, around our altars flowing!

O! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,
 The gathered wrath of God and man,
 Like that which wasted Egypt's earth
 When hail and fire above it ran.

Hear ye no warnings in the air?
 Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
 Up, up! Why will ye slumber where
 The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for freedom! not in strife
 Like that your sterner fathers saw—
 The awful waste of human life—
 The glory and the guilt of war:
 But break the chain, the yoke remove,
 And smite to earth oppression's rod,
 With those mild arms of truth and love,
 Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
 And leave no traces where it stood;
 No longer let its idol drink
 His daily cup of human blood:
 But rear another altar there,
 To truth and love and mercy given,
 And freedom's gift, and freedom's prayer
 Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

FATHER, while the day-light dies,
 Hear our grateful voices rise;
 For the blessings that we share,
 For thy kindness and thy care,
 For the joy that fills our breast,
 And the love that makes us blest,
 We thank thee, Father!

For an earthly father's arm,
 Shielding us from wrong and harm;
 For a mother's watchful cares,
 Mingled with her many prayers;
 For the happy kindred band,
 'Midst whose peaceful links we stand,
 We bless thee, Father!

Yet, while 'neath the evening skies,
 Thus we bid our thanks arise ;
 Father ! still we think of those
 Who are bowed with many woes ;
 Whom no earthly parent's arm
 Can protect from wrong or harm,
 The poor slaves, Father !

Ah ! while we are richly blest,
 They are wretched and distress ;
 Outcasts in their native land,
 Crushed beneath oppression's hand,
 Scarcely knowing even Thee,
 Mighty Lord of earth and sea !
 O, save them, Father !

Touch the flinty hearts that long
 Have remorseless done them wrong ;
 Ope the eyes that long have been
 Blinded to each guilty scene ;
 That the slave,—a slave no more—
 Grateful thanks to Thee may pour,
 And bless Thee, Father !

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

A slave, named George Latimer, had escaped from Virginia, and found a refuge in Boston ; public feeling in that city having become, at the period, so strong in favour of fugitives from bondage, that they were nearly as safe there as in Canada. Latimer was only one of many ; but the slaveholders had just then determined to sustain any master who would push law to the utmost, in bringing back a runaway slave from Massachusetts.

In pursuance of this, the master of Latimer followed him to his place of refuge, and summoned him before the legal authorities. The case was argued at great length on both sides, the abolitionists carrying with them the sympathies of the people ; but the judges ultimately decided that, according to existing law, George Latimer must be given up. His counsel then made another move for a trial in a superior court ; this could not be refused ; accordingly he was remanded ; time was thus gained, and immediately the question was raised—"Ought the people of Boston to suffer any of their public buildings to be used as a prison for a man who, according to the laws of their State, was not even accused of any crime ?" The whole city seemed roused ; and from con-

gregated thousands, assembled *en masse*, a deputation was sent to tell the mayor that if he did not at once set Latimer at liberty, they would take the responsibility, and lift the roof off the jail. Thus circumstanced, the magistrate thought it wiser to permit his escape by the door; and he was no sooner outside the walls than his friends conveyed him to a place of safety, leaving his master, when ready to proceed with the next trial, to find him where he might. His master, however, was glad to return home without farther waiting the issue; popular indignation rendering Boston rather an unsafe sojourn.

The Fugitive Slave Law, enacted in 1850, renders this ballad peculiarly applicable at the present time, as expressing the sentiments of every citizen of the Free States who feels strongly the insult offered by an act of legislation, which is meant to compel him to assist in the re-capture of slaves in the pursuit of liberty.

“Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them” (Eph. v. 11).

THE blast from freedom's northern hills,
 Upon its Southern way,
 Bears greeting to Virginia
 From Massachusetts Bay:—
 No word of haughty challenging,
 No battle-bugle's peal,
 Nor steady tread of marching files,
 Nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep mouthed-cannon
 Along our highways go—
 Around our silent arsenals
 Untrodden lies the snow;
 And to the land-breeze of our ports,
 Upon their errands far,
 A thousand sails of commerce swell,
 But none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia,
 Thy stormy words and high
 Swell harshly on the Southern winds
 Which melt along our sky;
 Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes
 Its honest labour here;
 No hewer of our mountain oaks
 Suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs
 Along St. George's bank,
 Cold on the shore of Labrador
 The fog lies white and dank ;
 Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist,
 Stout are the hearts which man
 The fishing-smacks of Marblehead,
 The sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun
 Glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines
 Or wrestling with the storms ;
 Free as the winds they drive before,
 Rough as the waves they roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat
 Against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion ? *
 Hath she forgot the day
 When o'er her conquered valleys
 Swept the Briton's steel array ?
 How side by side, with sons of hers,
 The Massachussets men
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire,
 And stout Cornwallis then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, †
 In answer to the call
 Of her old House of Burgesses,
 Spoke out from Faneuil Hall ?
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry,
 Came pulsing on each breath
 Of Northern winds the thrilling sounds
 Of "liberty or death !"

* A popular name in America for the State of Virginia, the oldest of the British colonies in that country.

† The State of Massachusetts, so called from the bay on the shores of which its capital, Boston, is situated.

What asks the Old Dominion?
 If now her sons have proved
 False to their father's memory,
 False to the faith they loved;
 If she can scoff at freedom,
 And its Great Charter spurn,
 Must *we* of Massachusetts
 From truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondsmen, flying
 From slavery's hateful hell—
Our voices, at your bidding,
 Take up the blood-hounds' yell—
We gather, at your summons,
 Above our fathers' graves,
 From freedom's holy altar horns
 To tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely
 Can Massachusetts bow
 The spirit of her early time
 Is with her even now;
 Dream not because her pilgrim blood
 Moves slow, and calm, and cool,
 She thus can stoop her chainless neck,
 A sister's slave and tool.

All that a *sister* State should do,
 All that a *free* state may,
 Heart, hand, and purse we proffer,
 As in our early day;
 But that one dark, loathsome burden
 Ye must stagger with alone,
 And reap the bitter harvest
 Which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves,
 And burden God's free air
 With woman's shriek beneath the lash,
 And manhood's wild despair;

Cling closer to the "cleaving curse,"
 That writes upon your plains
 The blasting of Almighty wrath
 Against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry,
 The cavaliers of old,
 By watching round the *shambles*
 Where human flesh is sold—
 Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count
 His market value, when
 The maddened mother's cry of woe
 Shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth
 Sink the Virginian name!
 Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves
 With rankest weeds of shame;
 Be, if ye will, the scandal
 Of God's fair universe—
 We wash our hands for ever
 Of your sin, and shame, and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal
 From freedom's shrine hath been,
 Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts
 Of Berkshire's mountain men:
 The echoes of that solemn voice
 Are sadly lingering still
 In all our sunny valleys,
 On every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief
 Came hunting for his prey
 Beneath the very shadow
 Of Bunker's shaft of gray,
 How, through the free lips of the son,
 The father's warning spoke;
 How, from its bonds of trade and sect
 The pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms
 Were lifted up on high,
 A hundred thousand voices
 Sent back their loud reply;
 Through the thronged towns of Essex
 The startling summons rang,
 And up from bench, and loom, and wheel,
 Her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of free, broad Middlesex
 Of thousands as of one—
 The shaft of Bunker calling
 To that of Lexington—
 From Norfolk's ancient villages,
 From Plymouth's rocky bound
 To where Nantucket feels the arms
 Of ocean close her round;

From rich and rural Worcester,
 Where through the calm repose
 Of cultured vales and fringing woods
 The gentle Nashua flows,
 To where Wachusett's wintry blasts
 The mountain larches stir,
 Swelled up to heaven the thrilling cry
 Of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstaple rose up,
 Wet with the salt sea spray—
 And Bristol sent her answering shout
 Down Narragansett Bay!
 Along the broad Connecticut
 Old Hampden felt the thrill,
 And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen
 Swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts!
 Of her free sons and daughters—
 Deep calling unto deep aloud—
 The sound of many waters!

Against the burden of that voice
 What tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State!
No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians!
 In calmness we have borne,
 In answer to our faith and trust,
 Your insult and your scorn;
 You've spurned our kindest counsels—
 You've hunted for our lives—
 And shaken round our hearths and homes
 Your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—
 We fling no torch within
 The fire damps of the quaking mine
 Beneath your soil of sin;
 We leave ye with your bondmen
 To wrestle while ye can
 With the strong upward tendencies
 And God-like soul of man!

But for us and for our children,
 The vow which we have given
 For freedom and humanity
 Is registered in heaven:
No slave-hunt in our borders—
No pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—
*No slave vpon our land!**

* The recent conduct of the State of Massachusetts, in reference to the Fugitive Slave Bill, sorrowfully belies the confidence in her love of liberty so finely implied in these spirited stanzas.

HOW LONG?

How long, O gracious God! how long,
 Shall power lord it over right?
 The feeble, trampled by the strong,
 Remain in slavery's gloomy night?
 In every region of the earth,
 Oppression rules with iron power;
 And every man of sterling worth,
 Whose soul disdains to cringe or cower
 Beneath a haughty tyrant's nod
 And, supplicating, kiss the rod
 That, wielded by oppression's might,
 Smites to the earth his dearest right,—
 The right to speak, and think, and feel,
 And spread his uttered thoughts abroad,
 To labour for the common weal,
 Responsible to none but God,—
 Is threatened with the dungeon's gloom
 The felon's cell, the traitor's doom,
 And treacherous politicians league
 With hireling priests, to crush and ban
 All who expose their vain intrigue,
 And vindicate the rights of man.
 How long shall Afric' raise to thee
 Her fettered hand, O Lord! in vain,
 And plead in fearful agony
 For vengeance for her children slain?
 I see the Gambia's swelling flood,
 And Niger's darkly-rolling wave,
 Bear on their bosoms, stained with blood,
 The bound and lacerated slave;
 While numerous tribes spread near and far,
 Fierce, devastating, barbarous war,
 Earth's fairest scenes in ruin laid,
 To furnish victims for that trade,
 Which breeds on earth such deeds of shame,
 As fiends might blush to hear or name.
 I see where Danube's waters roll,
 And where the Magyar vainly strove,

With valiant arm and faithful soul,
 In battle for the land he loved,—
 A perjured tyrant's legions tread
 The ground where freedom's heroes bled,
 And still the voice of those who feel
 Their country's wrongs, with Austrian steel.
 I see the "rugged Russian Bear,"
 Lead forth his slavish hordes, to war
 Upon the right of every state
 Its own affairs to regulate;
 To help each despot bind the chain
 Upon the people's rights again,
 And crush beneath his ponderous paw
 All constitutions, rights, and law.
 I see in France,—O burning shame!—
 The shadow of a mighty name,
 Wielding the power her patriot bands
 Had boldly wrenched from kingly hands,
 With more despotic power of sway
 Than ever monarch dared display.
 The fisher, too, whose world-wide nets
 Are spread to snare the souls of men,
 By foreign tyrants' bayonets
 Established on his throne again,
 Blesses the sword still reeking red
 With the best blood his country bore,
 And prays for blessings on the head
 Of him who wades through Roman gore.
 The same unholy sacrifice
 Where'er I turn bursts on mine eyes,
 Of princely pomp, and priestly pride,
 The people trampled in the dust,
 Their dearest, holiest rights denied,
 Their hopes destroyed, their spirit crushed:
 But when I turn the land to view,
 Which claims, par excellence, to be
 The refuge of the brave and true,
 The strongest bulwark of the free,
 The grand asylum for the poor
 And trodden down of every land,
 Where they may rest in peace, secure,
 Nor fear the oppressor's iron hand,—

Worse scenes of rapine, lust, and shame,
 Than e'er disgraced the Russian name,
 Worse than the Austrian ever saw,
 Are sanctioned here as righteous law
 Here might the Austrian butcher* make
 Progress in shameful cruelty,
 Where women-whippers proudly take
 The meed and praise of chivalry.
 Here might the cunning Jesuit learn,
 Though skilled in subtle sophistry,
 And trained to persevere in stern
 Unsympathising cruelty,
 And call that good, which, right or wrong,
 Will tend to make his order strong :
 He here might learn from those who stand
 High in the gospel ministry,
 The very magnates of the land
 In evangelic piety,
 That conscience must not only bend
 To everything the church decrees,
 But it must also condescend,
 When drunken politicians please
 To place their own inhuman acts
 Above the "higher law" of God,
 And on the hunted victim's tracks
 Cheer the malignant fiends of blood,
 To help the man-thief bind the chain
 Upon his Christian brother's limb,
 And bear to slavery's hell again
 The bound and suffering child of Him
 Who died upon the cross, to save
 Alike, the master and the slave.
 While all the oppressed from every land
 Are welcomed here with open hand,
 And fulsome praises rend the heaven
 For those who have the fetters riven
 Of European tyranny,
 And bravely struck for liberty ;
 And while from thirty thousand fanes
 Mock prayers go up, and hymns are sung,

Three millions drag their clanking chains,
 "Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung ;"
 Doomed to a state of slavery,

Compared with which the darkest night
 Of European tyranny,

Seems brilliant as the noonday light.
 While politicians void of shame,

Cry this is law and liberty,
 The clergy lend the awful name

And sanction of the Deity,
 To help sustain the monstrous wrong,
 And crush the weak beneath the strong.

Lord, thou hast said the tyrant's ear
 Shall not be always closed to thee,
 But that thou wilt in wrath appear,

And set the trembling captive free.
 And even now dark omens rise

To those who either see or hear,
 And gather o'er the darkening skies
 The threatening signs of fate and fear ;
 Not like the plagues which Egypt saw,

When rising in an evil hour,
 A rebel 'gainst the "higher law,"

And glorying in her mighty power,—
 Saw blasting fire, and blighting hail,
 Sweep o'er her rich and fertile vale,
 And heard on every rising gale

Ascend the bitter mourning wail ;
 And blighted herd, and blasted plain,
 Through all the land the first-born slain,
 Her priests and magi made to cower
 In witness of a higher power,
 And darkness like a sable pall

Shrouding the land in deepest gloom,
 Sent sadly through the minds of all,
 Forebodings of approaching doom.

What though no real shower of fire
 Spreads o'er this land its withering blight,
 Denouncing wide Jehovah's ire

Like that which palsied Egypt's might ;
 And though no literal darkness spreads
 Upon the land its sable gloom,

And seems to fling around our heads
 The awful terrors of the tomb ;
 Yet to the eye of him who reads
 The fate of nations past and gone,
 And marks with care the wrongful deeds
 By which their power was overthrown,—
 Worse plagues than Egypt ever felt
 Are seen wide-spreading through the land,
 Announcing that the heinous guilt
 On which the nation proudly stands,
 Has risen to Jehovah's throne,
 And kindled his Almighty ire,
 And broadcast through the land has sown
 The seeds of a devouring fire ;
 Blasting with foul pestiferous breath,
 The fountain springs of moral life,
 And planting deep the seeds of death,
 And future germs of deadly strife ;
 And moral darkness spreads its gloom
 Over the land in every part,
 And buries in a living tomb
 Each generous prompting of the heart.
 Vice in its darkest, deadliest stains,
 Here walks with brazen front abroad,
 And foul corruption proudly reigns
 Triumphant in the church of God,
 And sinks so low the Christian name,
 In foul degrading vice and shame,
 That Moslem, Heathen, Atheist, Jew,
 And men of every faith and creed,
 To their professions far more true,
 More liberal both in word and deed,
 May well reject with loathing scorn
 The doctrines taught by those who sell
 Their brethren in the Saviour born,
 Down into slavery's hateful hell ;
 And with the price of Christian blood
 Build temples to the Christian's God,
 And offer up as sacrifice,
 And incense to the God of heaven,
 The mourning wail, and bitter cries,
 Of mothers from their children riven ;

Of virgin purity profaned
 To sate some brutal ruffian's lust,
 Millions of godlike minds ordained
 To grovel ever in the dust,
 Shut out by Christian power and might
 From every ray of Christian light.
 How long, O Lord! shall such vile deeds
 Be acted in thy holy name,
 And senseless bigots o'er their creeds
 Fill the whole world with war and flame?
 How long shall ruthless tyrants claim
 Thy sanction to their bloody laws,
 And throw the mantle of thy name
 Around their foul, unhallowed cause?
 How long shall all the people bow
 As vassals of the favoured few,
 And shame the pride of manhood's brow,—
 Give what to God alone is due,
 Homage, to wealth, and rank, and power,
 Vain shadows of a passing hour?
 O for a pen of living fire,
 A tongue of flame, an arm of steel!
 To rouse the people's slumbering ire,
 And teach the tyrant's hearts to feel.
 O Lord! in vengeance now appear,
 And guide the battles for the right,
 The spirits of the fainting cheer,
 And nerve the patriot's arm with might;
 Till slavery, banished from the world,
 And tyrants from their power hurled,
 And all mankind from bondage free,
 Exult in glorious liberty!

J. M. WHITFIELD.

EMANCIPATION SONG.

LET waiting throngs now lift their voices,
 As freedom's glorious day draws near,
 While every gentle tongue rejoices,
 And each bold heart is filled with cheer;

The slave has seen the northern star,
He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah !

Though many still are writhing under
The cruel whips of "chevaliers,"
Who mothers from their children sunder,
And scourge them for their helpless tears,
Their safe deliverance is not far,
The day draws nigh, hurrah, hurrah !

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest
Surrounds the earth as with a pall ;
Dry up thy tears, O thou that weepest,
That on thy sight the rays may fall !
No doubt let now thy bosom mar ;
Send up the shout, hurrah, hurrah !

Shall we distrust the God of heaven ?
He every doubt and fear will quell ;
By him the captive's chains are riven,
So let us loud the chorus swell !
Man shall be free from cruel law,
Man shall be Man ! hurrah, hurrah !

No more again shall it be granted
To southern overseers to rule ;
No more will pilgrim's sons be taunted
With cringing low in slavery's school.
So clear the way for freedom's car,
The free shall rule ! hurrah, hurrah !

Send up the shout Emancipation,
From heaven let the echoes bound,
Soon will it bless this franchised nation,
Come raise again the stirring sound !
Emancipation near and far,
Send up the shout, hurrah, hurrah !

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIAN SLAVE-MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER, SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

Every Slave State in America has its peculiar enormity; that of Virginia, *sending slaves to the southern market*, proceeds from its position being such, that slave-labour no longer bears a high value within the State. It happens, hence, that those who are born and reared in the Old Dominion are frequently sold south; where the extensive cotton, sugar, and rice plantations give a constant demand for coloured labourers.

Heart-rending separations of families are of very frequent occurrence, and even masters otherwise humane, when placed in difficulties, resort to it as a means of raising funds. In elucidating this poem, which owes its deep pathos to those separations, we shall take a tale of recent and fearful interest, that of Emily Russel.

Mrs. Nancy Cartwright, the mother of this slave-girl, was and is a respectable coloured woman, and has been for several years resident in New York. She had purchased her own freedom, and redeemed a part of her children from slavery by her own industry, aided by the liberality of friends. In January, 1850, Emily, still in slavery, wrote to her mother from the slave-pen of Bruin and Hill, in Alexandria, to inform her that she, Aunt Sally, with all her children, and Aunt Hagar, with all hers, were in Bruin's jail waiting purchasers, and grandmother almost crazy. "My dear mother," she adds, "will you please to come on as soon as you can; I expect to go away very shortly. O! mother, dear mother! come now and see your distressed and heart-broken daughter once more. Mother! my dear mother! do not forsake me, for I feel desolate. Please to come now. Your daughter—Emily Russel."

In reply to this appeal, Bruin and Hill were written to by the Editor of the *New York Tribune*, requesting to know at what price Emily would be sold to her mother, and how much time would be given the latter to make up the amount; also the prices at which they held the other members of the family. In the answer to this, Hagar and her seven children were valued at 2500 dollars; Sally and her four at 2800 dollars; while for Emily, the slave-dealer added, he could not take less than 1800 dollars. In his own words—"This may seem high to you, but cotton being very high, slaves are high also. We have two or three offers from gentlemen in the south for Emily, who is said to be the finest-looking woman in the country. We expect to start with the negroes on the 8th of February, and if you intend doing anything you had better do it soon."

The enormous sum placed on Emily was quite beyond the means of the afflicted mother; yet anxious to make a further effort, by her request a gentleman called at the slave-pen in Alexandria. He was received, he tells us, with a suavity of manners which would eclipse Lord Chesterfield, by Bruin himself, whom he describes as a middle-aged man, all smiles and politeness; very intelligent, and altogether woefully belying his profession. The conversation, during this interview, was heartless

beyond expression on the part of the slave-dealer, and led to no arrangement. To raise 1800 dollars was to the mother impossible; when told this, and also that the friends had abandoned the hope of raising it, "I am glad of it," said he, "I don't want to send her north; I prefer that she should go to the south."

The mother, when compelled to give up all hope of redeeming her from the dreadful doom, and when she learned that the coffin had actually departed for the south, drooped like a stricken woman. Her mind was with her daughter—"Gone, gone, sold and gone," on her way to her frightful destiny. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, Emily Russel was spared the degradation and misery to which she seemed destined. She died in Georgia, according to the announcement of Bruin and Hill, before reaching the far southern market from which her soul so deeply revolted. The nature of her disease, and her sufferings in early dissolution, are alike a secret to us, but known well to Him who took her from the evil to come.

The news of her premature death was received by her mother with fervent thankfulness.

The narratives from which these facts are briefly stated, may be found more at length in the *North Star* newspapers for February 15, March 8, and May 10, 1850. They were current events of the year; Emily's first letter bearing date January 22, and her death being the news of the day in the last-mentioned paper.

"Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow"

(Lam. i. 12).

GONE, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
 Where the noisome insect stings,
 Where the fever demon strews
 Poison with the falling dews,
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare
 Through the hot and misty air.
 Gone, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 From Virginia's hills and waters,
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 There no mother's eye is near them,
 There no mother's ear can hear them;
 Never, when the torturing lash
 Seams their back with many a gash,

Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
O ! when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them,
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,
From the cool spring where they drank,
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there.

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,
Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more.

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 By the holy love He beareth,
 By the bruised reed He spareth,
 O, may He, to whom alone
 All their cruel wrongs are known,
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone, sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

WRITTEN ON READING THE REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY, AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING, IN 1834, IN WHICH THEY ASK FOR PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE TO CARRY OUT THEIR OBJECTS.

The Colonization Society, to which this poem refers, was formed, in 1817, on pretence of offering to the free people of colour a more agreeable residence in Africa than they could ever enjoy in the United States. The real motives are easily traced.

The free negroes have always been suspected of rendering the slaves discontented, and hence the desire to effect their removal. In 1834, a great effort was made, and missionaries were sent to preach in its behalf, both here and in the United States, in order to raise money for sustaining the society. In the States it was warmly taken up; by numbers of all classes called a philanthropic effort, and no doubt believed to be such by many. The poem refers to this period.

A new importance is attached to the Colonization Society at the present time, by the fact that its supporters are endeavouring to bring it again prominently forward, and to induce Congress to form a line of steamers, for the express purpose of carrying coloured citizens to Liberia.

Well-meaning, moderate persons are apt to approve of this scheme of emigration, without considering that a negro born in the States is as really a native as if born with a fair complexion. The free blacks are

almost universally opposed to the plan; and such being the case, nothing can be more unjust than to compel them to expatriate themselves.

If America is not their natural birth-place, neither is it that of the white man; but while to the latter it is the home of his choice, by an infamous crime, *his race* has naturalized the *African* in the same home.

"But what is to be done with them?" asked Mr. Clay. "They are here under our very noses; and in this district of Columbia, in the course of the last ten years, they have doubled." The counsel of the Egyptian monarch, in a similar strait, may have suggested this notable scheme for expelling the nuisance.

"Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also our enemies, and fight against us."

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of men?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:
Hark! the cheer and the hallo! the crack of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,
Though *hundreds* are caught, there are *millions* to catch;
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest, the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters! how nobly they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!
The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,
Just screening the politic statesman behind;
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer,
The drunk and sober ride merrily there.
And woman, kind woman, wife, widow, and maid,
For *the good of the hunted*, is lending her aid:
Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

O! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
In this "land of the brave, and this home of the free."
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the saddle, all grasping the rein,
Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!

Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!
 Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and prey?
 Will their hearts fail within them? their nerves tremble when
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho! ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.
 The horn is wound faintly, the echoes are still
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.
 Haste, alms for our hunters! the hunted once more
 Have turn'd from their flight with their backs to the shore:
 What right have *they* here in the home of the white,
 Shadow'd o'er by *our* banner of freedom and right?
 Ho! alms for the hunters! or never again
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay
 When their pride and their glory are melting away?
 The parson has turn'd; for, on charge of his own,
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting alone?
 The politic statesman looks back with a sigh,
 There is doubt in his heart, there is fear in his eye.
 O! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,
 And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.
 O! haste, ere he leaves us, for who will ride then,
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?*

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

* The American Colonization Society is universally believed, by the abolitionists, to owe its origin and support to the prejudice with which the slaves and free people of colour are viewed by the pro-slavery whites. One of the earliest literary efforts of Mr. Garrison was an able exposure of this scheme. Its absurdity is shown in the fact, although it has been upwards of thirty years in existence, that not more than ten thousand blacks have been transported, by its efforts, from the United States to Africa, whilst the annual increase of the coloured population in the former country is much greater.

STANZAS TO THE AMERICANS.

"America is the land of liberty."—*False Saying.*

Know ye what freedom is, and will ye stain
 A name so holy, and a thing so bright,
 Whose hallow'd touch would break the bondman's chain,
 And bid him stand unlorded in his right?
 What! know ye not, it will not, cannot reign,
 Where tyrants join to wield their ruthless might?
 And will ye dare o'er earth to man proclaim
 That ye are *free*, without the blush of shame?

List, while the echo of your hollow boast
 Wings on afar to bid the nations hear:
 List, and the voices of a countless host
 Shall burst like muttered thunder on the ear,
 Exclaiming, in deep indignation lost,
 While dastard deeds defame your high career,
 "The sun that lights Columbia's circling waves,
 Looks on a land of tyrants and of slaves."

"A land of tyrants!" fret not at the name,
 'Tis all your own, and ye have won it well.
A land of tyrants! O! your brightest fame
 Must wither in the tales the nations tell;
 And men unborn shall hear and speak to blame,
 To know that ye o'er nature's law rebel,
 Even to rob and wrong your voices join,
 'Gainst right and reason, human and Divine.

Man is your brother, and ye are but men,
 (Man, have I said, ye are unworthy all
 Of such a name); and if ye are, why then
 Will ye still shut your ears unto the call
 Of God-like reason and of justice, when,
 Even at your feet your sable victims fall,
 To bid you speak, and change the hapless doom
 That clouds existence with despairing gloom?

Life is a shadow, earth a transient thing,
 Death darkly frowns, and there is none to save;
 Time ever fleets along upon the wing,
 And hurries all into the silent grave;
But death shall die, and then the mighty king
 Must find an equal in the abject slave.
 And then shall judgment, truth, and justice spread,
 And hurl deep vengeance on oppression's head.

Release your bondmen, bid your slaves go free,
 Nor trample more on man's primeval right;
 Be to your fellow-men what man should be,
 And shine a gem in freedom's frontlet bright;
 Then will your glory spread o'er land and sea,
 And shed afar a pure unsullied light,
 While other lands shall greet the hallow'd blaze,
 Forget their scorn, and crown your deeds with praise.

AURORA.

AN EVENING SKETCH.

WHILE lately I stood by the rock-cradled ocean,
 And in thought saw the isles of the west,
 There awoke in my bosom so sweet an emotion
 As hush'd every tempest to rest.

The regent of night was just leaving her pillow,
 Through the blue vault of heaven to soar;
 I watched while she gilded the edge of the billow,
 And the wave as it swept to the shore.

It swept to the shore, and its bright scintillations
 Spoke the joy of the African's breast,
 To freedom restored, to his place amongst nations,
 By the white man a brother confessed.

The moon never lighted more lovely an even,
 Never mantled more brightly the sea,
 Never trod in more splendour the azure of heaven
 Which curtains the land of the free.

And the deep Vandyke of her light that was stealing
 O'er the bay whence in beauty she rose,
 To me seemed the pure and the peaceful feeling
 Which a conscience unburthened bestows.

Higher she moved, and brighter and broader .
 Grew the stream of her light on the wave,
 Till it met the bright sparkles which flashed on the border,
 Those types of the *bond-broken* SLAVE!

They met, and they mingled, and who but rejoices
 To send the loud shout to the skies?
 While fancy awakens the myriads of voices
 From which the thanksgivings arise.

Glory to Thee, Thou great Lord of creation;
 All glory and praise be to Thee;
 Thou hast with thy strong arm redeemed the nation,
 By Thy word bid the oppressed go free!

A. P. F.

LINES TO ACCOMPANY THE BIBLE.

LOVELY herald, go and tell
 The negro how his shackles fell,
 It was because we learn from thee
 The sacred laws of liberty.

Bid him not with laurel bough
 Entwine Britannia's peaceful brow,
 The sacred boon her head would crave
 Were heavenly freedom for the slave.

The greenest leaf, the brightest gem,
 She asks not for her diadem;
 With holy love she learned from thee;
 Her bosom burned to make him free.

Ah! teach him though the fett'ring chain
 Be burst, and slavery's powers be slain,
 The loveliest, sweetest liberty
 Is such as he may learn from thee.

'Tis joy supreme, 'tis freedom's soul,
 That seeks, that feels thy sweet control :
 O that were never liberty
 That was not such as taught by thee.

S. A.

FLIGHT OF THE BONDMAN.

FROM the crack of the rifle and baying of hound,
 Takes the poor panting bondman his flight ;
 His couch through the day is the cold damp ground,
 But northward he runs through the night.

Chorus.

O, God speed the flight of the desolate slave,
 Let his heart never yield to despair ;
 There is room 'mong our hills for the true and the brave,
 Let his lungs breathe our free northern air !

O, sweet to the storm-driven sailor the light,
 Streaming far o'er the dark swelling wave ;
 But sweeter by far 'mong the lights of the night,
 Is the star of the north to the slave.

O, God speed, &c.

Cold and bleak are our mountains and chilling our winds,
 But warm as the soft southern gales,
 Be the hands and the hearts which the hunted one finds,
 'Mong our hills and our own winter vales.

O, God speed, &c.

Then list to the 'plaint of the heart-broken thrall,
 Ye blood-hounds, go back to your lair ;
 May a free northern soil soon give freedom to *all*,
 Who shall breathe in its pure mountain air.

O, God speed, &c.

ELIAS SMITH.

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

Is there a man that never sighed
 To set the prisoner free?
 Is there a man that never prized
 The sweets of liberty?
 Then let him, let him breathe unseen,
 Or in a dungeon live;
 Nor never, never know the sweets
 That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
 Can galling fetters crave?
 Is there a wretch so truly low,
 Can stoop to be a slave?
 O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
 In chains and bondage live;
 Nor never, never know the sweets
 That liberty can give.

Is there a breast so chilled in life,
 Can nurse the coward's sigh?
 Is there a creature so debased,
 Would not for freedom die?
 O, let him, then, be doomed to crawl
 Where only reptiles live;
 Nor never, never know the sweets
 That liberty can give.

 YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

YE spirits of the free,
 Can ye forever see
 Your brother man
 A yoked and scourged slave,
 Chains dragging to his grave,
 And raise no hand to save?
 Say if you can.

In pride and pomp to roll,
 Shall tyrants from the soul
 God's image tear,
 And call the wreck their own,
 While, from the eternal throne,
 They shut the stifled groan
 And bitter prayer ?

Shall he a slave be bound,
 Whom God hath doubly crowned
 Creation's lord ?
 Shall men of Christian name,
 Without a blush of shame,
 Profess their tyrant claim
 From God's own Word ?

No ! at the battle-cry,
 A host prepared to die,
 Shall arm for fight,—
 But not with martial steel,
 Grasped with a murderous zeal ;
 No arms their foes shall feel,
 But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,
 Strong in their righteous cause,
 They march to save.
 And vain the tyrant's mail,
 Against their battle-hail,
 Till cease the woe and wail
 Of tortured slave !

POOR CHRISTIAN NEGRO.

“ O ! how he longs
 To have his passport signed, and be dismissed !
 'Tis done, and now he's happy ;—the glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd.”—*Blair*.

Poor Christian negro ! sooth 'tis hard to bear
 The load of life thou bearest, hard to brave
 The dark and cheerless bondage of a slave.

But cheer thee, captive ! bitter though thy fare
 In this sad prison-house of toil and care,
 A royal banquet waits thee : thou shalt lave
 Thy soul in seas beyond the grave ;
 No tyrant's chain, nor lash, nor fetter there.
 Be it thy travel here was nought but sorrow,
 Thy cup of life but bitterness and woe,
 'Twill make thy rest the pleasanter to-morrow,
 And thou shalt find that cup more sweetly flow,
 With heaven's immortal nectar. Negro ! rest
 Till death shall snap thy chains—till death shall make thee blest.

REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

O, DEEP was the anguish of the slave-mother's heart,
 When called from her darling forever to part ;
 So grieved that lone mother, that heart-broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,
 While the child of her bosom is sold on the block ;
 Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart-broken mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,
 While the sound of their wailings, together arise ;
 They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
 In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer, to sympathy cold,
 Tears the babe from its mother, and sells it for gold ;
 While the infant and mother loud shriek for each other,
 In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
 Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild ;
 Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,
 Of sorrow and woe.

Where no blood-thirsty hounds ever dare on his track,
 At thy stern voice, New England! the monster fell back.
 Go back! then, ye blood-hounds, that howl in my path,
 In the land of New England I'm free from your wrath,
 And the sons of the pilgrims my deep scars shall see,
 Till they cry with one voice, "Let the bondman go free."

That voice shall roll on, 'mong the hills of the North,
 In murmurs more loud till its thunder break forth;
 On the wings of the wind shall its deep echoes fly,
 Swift as lightning above, from sky e'en to sky,
 Nor charters nor unions its mandates shall check,
 'Twill cry, in God's name, "Go break every yoke,"—
 Like the tempests of heaven, shaking mountain and sea,
 Shall the North tell the South, "Let the bondman go free."

Great God! hasten on the glad jubilee,
 When my brother in bonds shall arise and be free;
 And our blotted escutcheon be washed from its stains,
 Now the scorn of the world—three millions in chains!
 O! then shall Columbia's proud flag be unfurled,
 The glory of freemen, and pride of the world,
 While earth's strolling millions point hither in glee,
 "To the land of the brave and the home of the free!"

A HYMN

FOR THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1834.

SAVIOUR of sinners, God of grace,
 In love behold the negro race—
 From slavery Thou hast set them free,
 Now give their *spirits* liberty.

Sin's mighty power, O Lord, control—
 And break the chains that bind the soul—
 O! give them of Thy grace to see
 Their lost estate,—their help in Thee.

Thy Spirit's unction now impart,
 Yea—free salvation to each heart;

Grant that their names enrolled may be,
As freemen, in heaven's registry.

When the last trump shakes earth and skies,
And saints to life and glory rise—
May many a negro now set free,
Find full redemption, Lord, in Thee !

DEBORAH CURTIS.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE AWAITING THE ARISING OF THE SUN

ON THE FIRST OF EIGHTH MONTH, 1834.

WHY do I watch the misty veil,
Retiring from yon mountain dun ?
Why wait with sleepless eyes, to hail
Thy glad awak'ning, blessed sun ?

Yes, wait to catch the first faint gleam,
That ushers in thy bright return,
Nor feel again thy glowing beam,
The messenger which bade me mourn,

Which bade me weary still renew
The long, long day of toil and pain ;
That ceaseless, hopeless task pursue,
Which purchased my oppressor's gain.

Alas ! that *one* should *dread* thy rays,
Dispensed to *gladden* all below ;
Or tremble at thy noontide blaze,
As fraught with anguish, stripes, and woe.

But *now* 'twas *bliss* to see thee fling,
Thy farewell splendours o'er the wave :
Thy next arising was to bring,
NEW LIFE, AND FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE !

Ah, who may tell the thoughts that twine
 Around those words of joy and light ;
 Or count the radiant hopes that shine
 Like stars o'er sorrow's cheerless night.

Though troubled are the streams of life,
 Which spring from slavery's fount of woe ;
 Though even its gentlest sway is rife
 With wrongs the slave alone can know ;

It may not chain the soul,—nor bind
 In cruel bonds what God hath riven ;
 It may not quench the light of mind,
 Or close the golden gates of heaven.

No,—I was once the wretched child
 Of sin,—untaught of heavenly love,
 My heart was sad, and dark, and wild,
 No peace on earth, no hope above.

Until the day-spring from on high,
 Rose o'er the night of guilt and gloom,
 And bade me lift my sorrowing eye,
 To hopes which die not in the tomb.

And I, a poor degraded slave,
 Here on this blood-stained soil, may lift
 My heart to Thee—the God who gave,
 And praise Thee for thy glorious gift.

Yes, when oppression, hatred, scorn,
 Were pour'd upon me—thou wert near ;
 Thy love illumed my lot forlorn,
 And blent with joy the grief-wrung tear.

And here I wait that blessed hour,
 When I may fearless worship Thee ;
 Nor tremble to confess the power
 Which set my sin-bound spirit free.

Lo ! o'er the mountain's rugged crest
 A diadem of beams is shed ;
 And soon, in new-born beauty drest,
 Each dew-bent flower will lift its head.

Thus in my *heart* at Thy command,
 May heavenly truth more brightly shine ;
 There bid each latent grace expand,
 And seal them, keep them, *wholly Thine*.

Methinks, I hear a tuneful voice
 Chiming afar, o'er land and sea,
 "The sun of freedom wakes!—rejoice!
 Thy bonds are broken,—thou art free!"
 C. C.

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will
 I arise, saith the Lord" (Psal. xii. 5).

"Now I will arise"—It was spoken from heaven,
 Jehovah hath uttered the voice from his throne ;
 The chain of the captive at length shall be riven,
 And stilled be his sighing—suppressed be his groan.

"Now I will arise"—and the promise unfailing
 Is, as "graven with iron"—immutable—sure,
 He who dwells in the highest has heard his sad wailing,
 He whose pity regards the oppressed and the poor.

Yes "I will arise"—in the might of my power,
 And dis sever the bands of the sorrowing slave ;
 Their cries have gone up—O, I bring them this hour
 The boon of deliverance—the freedom they crave !

"The work it is *Thine*"—Thine the glory for ever !
 Our God and our Saviour, whose banner is "love ;"
 Thy Spirit hath prompted the holy endeavour,
 And the prayers of Thy people have risen above.

"The work it is Thine"—Come ye "isles of the ocean,"
 Ye kindreds of men—join the glad sable throng,
 Swell the anthem to praise—with the heart's true devotion,
 The work is the Lord's—be Hosanna *our* song.

E. A.

THE DAY OF EMANCIPATION OF THE BRITISH SLAVES.

THE sun pours forth his holiest ray,
 And nature wears a garb of gladness ;
 All—all—methinks, seems joy to-day,
 Where erst was sullen sadness :
 Each floating cloud of purest white
 Is gilded with celestial light ;
 And air, and earth, and ocean seem
 Enchanting as a heavenly dream.

There's music, too, on the morning air,
 From the waves that lightly dash,
 And the sea-fowl's joyous splash.
 The tuneful voice of nature is there ;
 And melody is on the breeze
 That whispers amongst the citron-trees ;
 Whilst birds that share the rainbow's dye,
 Essay their wings' aerial buoyance,
 Soaring amongst the foliage high,
 And warbling forth their strains of joyance.

Fair is the scene, and sweet the sound,
 Which usher in this gladsome day ;
 And there is yet a scene—a sound
 More fair—more sweet than they.
 Enter with me yon lovely fane,
 A thousand forms are kneeling there,
 A thousand voices swell the strain
 Of humble praise and prayer ;
 A thousand souls with fervour bless
 That God who saw their deep distress,—
 Who crushed the gory yoke that bound them,
 Who burst the lawless chains around them :
 For now to Afric's injured race,
 Fair Freedom hath unveiled her face ;
 And old men hail her beaming eye,
 Which in their youth they knew so well ;
 And maiden's glistening tear of joy
 Bespeaks what words could never tell ;

And manhood now breathes praise to Heaven,
 Whose lips ne'er uttered praise before ;
 E'en as of old, no sound was given
 By Judah's harp on Babel's shore.
 But haste ! they change the anthem high,
 As all the swarthy choirs
 For others' weal invoke the sky,
 And Albion ! Albion ! is the cry
 Which every breast inspires.

Aye—Negro—it was British hands
 That wrenched the tyrant's hateful bands ;
 Yet not to these thine incense raise,
 Through them a mightier Power is shown :
 Then give not erring man the praise
 Due to his God alone.
 And though thy yoke they have undone,
 O ! to this truth give heed,—
 The humble follower of the Son
 Alone is free indeed !
 Who hears and shuns the Gospel's sound,
 With sadder chains than steel is bound ;
 Whate'er his nation, hue, or kin,
 The sinner is the slave of sin !

R. B. F.

NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.*

How deeply has civilized humanity sinned against Africa. The produce of our arts and manufactures—everything that can please the eye or minister to the sensual gratification of the untutored savage—has been offered to him in return for slaves ; and the positive premium to crime thus held out has, no doubt, done much to cause a continuance of the barbarism with which the slaveholder taunts the African.

WHEN avarice enslaves the mind,
 And selfish views alone bear sway,
 Man turns a savage to his kind,
 And blood and rapine mark his way.

* An African prince having arrived in England, and having been asked what he had given for his watch, he replied, " What I will never give again ; I gave a fine boy for it."

Alas ! for this poor simple toy,
I sold the hapless negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to the view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew,—
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the hapless negro boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind ;
But still, to gain this simple toy,
I gave the weeping negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell !
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hope to see the youth return ;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain :
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime ;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime.
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor, dejected negro boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
And hurl the lightning through the sky,
In His own time will sure destroy
The oppressor of the negro boy. COWPER.

THE BLIND SLAVE BOY.

A few years ago, in the State of Kentucky, United States, a slaveholder offered to sell a negro woman and her blind child to a slave-trader. The trader declined taking the boy, stating that he wanted slaves to stock a plantation, and that blind ones would be of no use to him. The master, who was desirous to sell the woman, did not want to be troubled with the helpless child after the sale of his mother. Thus both parties were much perplexed, until finally a third person stepped forward, and offered a dollar for the boy, and the bargain was closed. Mrs. Dr. Bailey, of Cincinnati, who was acquainted with the circumstance, wrote the following lines upon this touching incident:—

COME back to me, mother ! why linger away
 From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day !
 I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
 And wonder my mother should leave me alone !
 There are voices of sorrow and voices of glee,
 But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me ;
 For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
 And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me ! close to thy breast,
 Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed ;
 Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
 And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak !
 O mother, I've no one to love me, no heart
 Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part ;
 No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind !
 O ! none like a mother can cherish the blind !

Poor blind one ! no mother thy wailing can hear,
 No mother can hasten to banish thy fear ;
 For the slave-owner drives her o'er mountain and wild,
 And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child !
 Ah ! who can in language of mortals reveal
 The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
 When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
 On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God !

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
 She hears in her anguish his piteous moan,

As he eagerly listens, but listens in vain,
 To catch the loved tones of his mother again !
 The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
 On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
 And his gain, like a mildew, shall blight and destroy,
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy !

MRS. BAILEY.

THE CRISIS.

The Crisis alludes to a tremendous struggle on the subject of slavery which is now convulsing the United States. The annexation of Texas, and the Fugitive Slave Law, may be cited among the encroachments of the slave-power. They are gloomy indications ; but thanks to the unwearying exertions of a few noble spirits in the north, we can yet say, ' The day is breaking.'

THE day is breaking in the east,
 Of which the prophets told,
 And brightens up the sky of time,
 The Christian's age of gold :
 Old might to right is yielding,
 Battle blade to clerkly pen,
 Earth's monarchs are her people,
 And serfs stand up as men ;
 The isles rejoice together,
 In a day are nations born,
 And the slave walks free in Tunis,
 And by Stamboul's golden horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine !
 A day for us to sow
 The soil of new-gained empire
 With slavery's seed of woe ?
 To feed with our fresh life-blood
 The old world's cast-off crime,
 Dropped like some monstrous early birth,
 From the tired lap of time ?
 To run anew the evil race
 The old lost nations ran,
 And die like them of unbelief
 Of God, and wrong of man !

The crisis presses on us ;
 Face to face with us it stands ;
 With solemn lips of question,
 Like the sphinx in Egypt's sands !
 This day we fashion destiny,
 Our web of fate we spin :
 This day for all hereafter choose
 We holiness or sin.
 Even now from starry Gerizim,
 Or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 We call the dews of blessing
 Or the bolts of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore
 Their agony and shame ;
 By all the warning words of truth
 With which the prophets came ;
 By the future which awaits us ;
 By all the hopes which cast
 Their faint and trembling beams across
 The blackness of the past :
 And in the awful name of Him
 Who for earth's freedom died ;
 O, ye people ! O my brothers !
 Let us choose the righteous side !

J. G. WHITTIER.

WHERE IS FREEDOM'S HOME ?

In the Boston Anti-Slavery Bazaar, of 1848, were two dolls from Perth, clothed in Highland costume, having the following poetical labels affixed :—

QUESTION.

Is freedom's home built only where
 The labourer wears an iron fetter ?
 Are her's the sons that do not dare
 To teach or learn a printed letter ?

Are they her champions, whose swords¹
 Are pledged to aid the tyrant's halter?
 Who plead for wrong with pious words,
 Are they the priests at freedom's altar?

ANSWER.

No! freedom's home is only built
 Where men are as their Maker made men;
 Where punishment is saved for guilt,
 And crime is all that can degrade men.
 That home be ours, though tyrants should,
 In madness, dare from us to sunder,
 We'll take our chances with the good,
 And let their throats and cannon thunder.

 A SABBATH SCENE.

The Sabbath Scene appeared very recently, being a dream of one that the Fugitive Slave Law would render lawful, though so revolting to our feelings.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath bell
 Ceased quivering in the steeple,
 Scarce had the parson to his desk
 Walked stately through his people;
 When down the summer-shaded street
 A wasted female figure,
 With dusky brow and naked feet,
 Came rushing wild and eager.
 She saw the white spire through the trees
 She heard the sweet hymn swelling;
 O, pitying Christ! a refuge give
 That poor one in thy dwelling.
 Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
 Right up the aisle she glided,
 While close behind her, whip in hand,
 A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
 To heaven and earth appealing :
 Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?
 Had woman's heart no feeling ?

A score of stout hands rose between
 The hunter and the flying ;
 Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
 Flashed tearful, yet defying.

"Who dares profane this house and day ?"
 Cried out the angry pastor.
 "Why, bless your soul, the girl's a slave,
 And I'm her lord and master !

"I've law and gospel on my side,
 And who shall dare refuse me ?"
 Down came the parson, bowing low,
 "My good sir, pray excuse me !

"Of course I know your right Divine
 To own, and work, and whip her ;
 Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
 Before the wench, and trip her !"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
 Its sacred pages stumbling,
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
 The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
 The while his flock addressing,
 The scriptural claims of slavery
 With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day,
 All secular occupations
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
 Our moral obligations.

And this commends itself as one
 To every conscience tender ;
 As Paul sent back Onesimus,
 My Christian friends, we send her !"

Shriek rose on shriek ; the Sabbath air
 Her wild cries tore asunder ;
 I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
 God answering with his thunder !

All still ! the very altar's cloth
 Had smothered down her shrieking,
 And dumb, she turned from face to face,
 For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
 Her shackles harshly clanking ;
 I heard the parson, over all,
 The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : " Is this," I cried,
 " The end of prayer and preaching ?
 Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
 And give us nature's teaching !

" Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
 Who turn the good to evil,
 And steal the Bible from the Lord,
 And give it to the devil !

" Than garbled text or parchment law,
 I own a statute higher,
 And God is true, though every book
 And every man's a liar !"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
 In wrath my coat tail seize on ;
 I heard the priest cry " Infidel !"
 The lawyer mutter " Treason !"

I started up, where now were church,
 Slave, master, priest, and people ?
 I only heard the supper bell,
 Instead of clanging steeple.

I woke ; and lo ! the fitting cause
 Of all my dream's vagaries,
 Two bulky pamphlets, Webster's text,
 With Stuart's commentaries !

But, on the open window's sill,
 O'er which the white blooms drifted,
 The pages of a good old book
 The winds of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings
 Around the holy mother,
 Waved softly there, as if God's truth
 And mercy kissed each other.

And freely, from the cherry bough
 Above the casement swinging,
 With golden bosom to the sun,
 The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
 The lessons of the teacher,
 So now I heard the written word
 Interpreted by nature.

For to my ear methought the breeze
 Bore freedom's blessed word on;
 Thus saith the Lord : BREAK EVERY YOKE,
 UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

J. G. WHITTIER.

SONG OF PRAISE.

THOUGH man neglects my sighing,
 And mocks the bitter tear,
 Yet does not God my crying
 With kindest pity hear ?

And when with fierce heat panting
 His hand can be my shade,
 And when with weakness fainting
 Support my aching head.

And when I felt my cares
 For those his love can save,
 Will he not hear the prayers
 Of the poor negro slave ?

Yes, for the poor and needy
 He promises to save,
 And who is poor and needy
 Like the poor negro slave?

CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

THE FUGITIVE.

A friend of ours tells us that, a few days since, he had the pleasure of keeping over night, and helping on his journey northward, one of the three millions of human cattle belonging to our southern nabobs. He had left a wife and children, slaves in Kentucky, and when thinking of them he was almost induced to go back; but then he knew he should be sent down the river, and separated from them. His reason for running away was that he had learned that he was to be thus disposed of, his master regarding him as too intelligent to be safely kept so near the Free States.—*From the True Democrat.*

A NOBLE man of sable brow
 Came to my humble cottage door,
 With cautious, weary step and slow,
 And asked if I could feed the poor:
 He begged if I had aught to give,
 To help the panting fugitive.

I told him he had fled away
 From his kind master, friends, and home;
 That he was black—a slave astray,
 And should return as he had come;
 That I would to his master give
 The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee,
 And claimed he was a brother man;
 That I was bound to set him free,
 According to the gospel plan:
 And if I would God's grace receive,
 That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,
 The festering wound, the sightless eye,
 The common badges of the slave,
 And said he would be free, or die;
 And if I nothing had to give,
 I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,
 That which his Maker first had given;
 But mine would be a darker sin,
 That would exclude my soul from heaven;
 And if I would God's grace receive,
 I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,
 And gave him meat, and drink, and rest,
 I hope that God forgave my sin,
 And made me with that brother blest:
 I am resolved, long as I live,
 To help the panting fugitive.

B. L. M. C.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

MY mulatto man, Bennet (called Ben), disappeared from my house, St. Louis, 25th September; and it is suspected he has taken the accustomed route to Canada. I will pay the above reward for his apprehension and delivery. Ben is a young man under twenty-five years old; was a trusted servant; has been for many years my carriage driver and market man. He is quite intelligent, though not ready of speech. [&c., &c.; description omitted.]

EDWARD BATES.

—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE fetters galled my weary soul,
 A soul that seemed but thrown away;
 I spurned the tyrant's base control,
 Resolved at last the man to play.
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O, Christian! will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
 Red, dripping with a father's gore;
 And, worst of all their lawless law,
 The insults that my mother bore!
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O, Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'errules divine,
 Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
 My wife and babes—I call them mine:
 And where they suffer, who can tell?
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O, Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
 If such there be upon the earth,
 To draw my kindred if I can,
 Around its free, though humble hearth.
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O, Christian! will you send me back?

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

“It is asserted, on the authority of an American newspaper, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was sold at New Orleans for 1000 dollars.”—*Morning Chronicle*.

CAN the blood that, at Lexington, poured o'er the plain,
 When the sons warred with tyrants their rights to uphold,
 Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain?
 No! Jefferson's child has been bartered for gold!

Do ye boast of your freedom? Peace, babblers—be still;
 Prate not of the goddess who scarce deigns to hear;
 Have ye power to unbind? Are ye wanting in will?
 Must the groans of your bondman still torture the ear?

The daughter of Jefferson sold for a slave!
 The child of a freeman for dollars and francs!
 The roar of applause, when your orators rave,
 Is lost in the sound of her chain, as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name!

Though red was the blood by your forefathers spilt,
Still redder your cheeks should be mantled with shame,
Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel the guilt.

But the brand of the slave is the tint of his skin,
Though his heart may beat loyal and true underneath;
While the soul of the tyrant is rotten within,
And his white the mere cloak to the blackness of death.

Are ye deaf to the plaints that each moment arise?
Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn,—
Unheeding the clamour that "maddens the skies,"
As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men?

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine,
Is unmixed with the blood of the galled and oppressed,—
O, then, and then only, the boast may be thine,
That the stripes and stars wave o'er a land of the blest.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE SLAVE AUCTION—A FACT.

WHY stands she near the auction stand?
That girl so young and fair;
What brings her to this dismal place,
Why stands she weeping there?

Why does she raise that bitter cry?
Why hangs her head with shame,
As now the auctioneer's rough voice
So rudely calls her name?

But see! she grasps a manly hand,
And in a voice so low,
As scarcely to be heard she says,
"My brother, must I go?"

A moment's pause: then midst a wail
Of agonizing woe,
His answer falls upon the ear,
"Yes, sister, you must go!"

No longer can my arm defend,
 No longer can I save
 My sister from the horrid fate
 That waits her as a SLAVE !”

Ah ! now I know why she is there,—
 She came there to be sold !
 That lovely form, that noble mind,
 Must be exchanged for gold !

O God ! my every heart-string cries,
 Dost thou these scenes behold
 In this our boasted Christian land,
 And must the truth be told ?

Blush, Christian, blush ! for e’en the dark
 Untutored heathen see
 Thy inconsistency, and lo !
 They scorn thy God, and thee !

A SOUND ON EVERY SEA.

A SOUND on every sea,
 A voice on every wave,
 The watchword of the free,
 The anthem of the brave !
 From steep to steep it rings,
 Through Europe’s many climes,
 A knell to despot kings,
 A sentence on their crimes.

Where’er a wind is rushing
 Where’er a stream is gushing.
 The swelling sounds are heard
 Of man to free man calling,
 Of broken fetters falling,
 And, like the carol of a cageless bird,
 The bursting shout of Freedom’s rallying word.

THE STRIFE OF SLAVERY.

THOSE who would serve this holy cause must prove
 The doubting spirits, and with fearless love
 Of truth, must follow where it leads; must turn
 From gentle words that soothe to "words that burn."
 Must cry aloud and spare not. Sin must be
 Stripped of its veil of fine-spun casuistry.
The man who holds his fellow-man in chains
Must know himself as one the world disdains.

EMMA MITCHELL.

SONG OF HUMANITY.

IN the God of truth be strong!
 For the truth shall perish never,
 Nor the weak be crushed for ever—
Right shall triumph over wrong!
 Cherish, then, our bond of union—
 Live in brotherly communion—
 Love our neighbour—help our brother—
 With our watchword cheer each other—
 "BE STRONG!"

IN the God of truth be strong!

IN the cause of man press on!
 Let new sympathy be kindled
 In the breast where love hath dwindled,
 Until warmth of soul be won!
 Here upon our common altar,
 With true hearts that ne'er shall falter,
 Let us pledge our life's devotion
 To humanity's promotion—
 Press on!

IN the cause of man press on!

Man is destined to be free!
 Free from slavery's aggression—
 Free from tyranny's oppression—
 And from cheerless poverty;

Free from vice, the greatest terror :

Fear not !

Man is destined to be free !

FREEDOM'S BANNER.

Be as a by-word through the world?

Be as a by-word through the world?

Rouse ! for as if to blast thy fame,

This keen reproach is at thee hurled:

The banner that above thee waves,

Is floating o'er three million slaves.

That flag, my country, I had thought,

From noble sires was given to thee:

By the best blood of patriots bought,

To wave alone above the free !

Yet now, while to the breeze it waves,

It floats above three million slaves.

The mighty dead that flag unrolled,

They bathed it in the heaven's own blue;

They sprinkled stars upon each fold,

And gave it as a trust to you ;

And now that glorious banner waves

In shame above three million slaves.

O, by the virtues of our sires,

And by the soil on which they trod,

And by the trust their name inspires,

And by the hope we have in God,

Arouse, my country, and agree

To set thy captive children free.

Arouse ! and let each hill and glen

With prayer to the high heavens ring out;

Till all our land with freeborn men,

May join in one triumphant shout,

That freedom's banner does not wave

Its folds above a single slave.

O, PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

I PITY the slave mother, careworn and weary,
 Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast ;
 I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
 I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.
 O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
 As she thinks of her children about to be sold ;
 You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean,
 But the grief of that mother can never be known.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
 That ever has bloomed in her pathway below ;
 It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
 And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe ;
 Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression ;
 Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay ;
 No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave mother, hope ! see—the nation is shaking !
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !
 The slaveholder's heart now with terror is quaking,
 Salvation and mercy to heaven belong !
 Rejoice, O, rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing,
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rainbow so cheering,
 Is born, like the rainbow, 'mid tempest and storm.

 YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

YE sons of freemen, wake to sadness,
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise ;
 Three millions of our race in madness
 Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
 Break out in wails, in bitter cries.

Must men whose hearts now bleed with anguish,
 Yes, trembling slaves in freedom's land,
 Endure the lash, nor raise a hand?

Must nature 'neath the whip-cord languish?

Have pity on the slave,

Take courage from God's word;

Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,

Which God in mercy long delays;

Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,

While whole plantations smoke and blaze!

While whole plantations smoke and blaze;

And we may now prevent the ruin,

Ere lawless force with guilty stride

Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—

With untold crimes their hands imbruing.

Have pity on the slave;

Take courage from God's word;

Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

With luxury and wealth surrounded,

The southern masters proudly dare,

With thirst of gold and power unbounded,

To mete and vend God's light and air;

To mete and vend God's light and air;

Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,

Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;

While they in vain for right implore;

And shall they longer still be goaded?

Have pity on the slave;

Take courage from God's word;

Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

O liberty! can man e'er bind thee?

Can overseers quench thy flame?

Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,

Or threats thy heaven-born spirit tame?

Or threats thy heaven-born spirit tame?

Too long the slave has groaned, bewailing
 The power these heartless tyrants wield;
 Yet free them not by sword or shield,
 For with men's hearts they're unavailing;
 Have pity on the slave:
 Take courage from God's word;
 Toil on! toil on! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

FREEDOM'S STAR.

As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,
 I turned my fond gaze to the sky;
 I beheld all the stars as so sweetly they lay,
 And but one fixed my heart or my eye.

Chorus.

Shine on, northern star, thou'rt beautiful and bright
 To the slave on his journey afar;
 For he speeds from his foes in the darkness of night,
 Guided on by thy light, freedom's star.

On thee he depends when he threads the dark woods
 Ere the bloodhounds have hunted him back;
 Thou leadest him on over mountains and floods,
 With thy beams shining full on his track.
 Shine on, &c.

Unwelcome to him is the bright orb of day,
 As it glides o'er the earth and the sea;
 He seeks then to hide like a wild beast of prey,
 But with hope rests his heart upon thee.
 Shine on, &c.

May never a cloud overshadow thy face,
 While the slave flies before his pursuer;
 Gleam steadily on to the end of his race,
 Till his body and soul are secure.
 Shine on, &c.

THE LIBERTY BALL.

Come all ye true friends of the nation,
 Attend to humanity's call ;
 Come aid the poor slave's liberation,
 And roll on the liberty ball—

And roll on the liberty ball—
 Come aid the poor slave's liberation,
 And roll on the liberty ball.

The liberty hosts are advancing—
 For freedom to *all* they declare ;
 The down-trodden millions are sighing—
 Come break up our gloom of despair.
 Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye democrats come to the rescue,
 And aid on the liberty cause,
 And millions will rise up and bless you,
 With heart-cheering songs of applause,
 With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Whigs, forsake slavery's minions,
 And boldly step into our ranks ;
 We care not for party opinions,
 But invite all the friends of the banks,
 And invite all the friends of the banks, &c.

And when we have formed the blest union,
 We'll firmly march on, one and all—
 We'll sing when we meet in communion,
 And *roll on* the liberty ball,
 And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

THE NORTH STAR.

Lo ! the northern star is beaming
 With a new and glorious light,
 And its cheering radiance streaming
 Through the clouds of misty night !
 Freemen ! in your great endeavour,
 'Tis a signal hung on high,
 And will guide us on forever,
 Like a banner in the sky !
 O ! star of freedom,
 'Tis the star for me ;
 'Twill lead me off to Canada,
 There I will be free.

Growing brighter in all ages,
 Cheering freedom on its way,
 Shedding o'er time's clouded pages
 Glimmers of the coming day—
 Ever telling man the glory
 And the freedom of its birth,
 Waiting to record the story
 Of the freedom of the fourth !
 O ! star of freedom,
 'Tis the star for me,
 'Twill lead me off to Canada,
 There I will be free.

The mariner, 'mid the surging
 Of the stormy waves and dark,
 Hails the northern star emerging
 From the clouds above his bark !
 'Tis a trust that faileth never,
 And a light that never dies—
 'Tis the beacon-star forever,
 Beaming in the arctic skies !
 O ! star of freedom,
 'Tis the star for me,
 'Twill lead me off to Canada,
 There I will be free.

'Tis the star that freedom claimeth
 As her emblem pure and bright,

And we watch it as it flameth
 "In the dark and troubled night :"
 While we march to battle glorious,
 With our weapons, truth and love,
 Freedom, as she proves victorious,
 Hails the *banner* star above !
 O ! star of freedom,
 'Tis the star for me ;
 'Twill lead me off to Canada,
 There I will be free.

" His going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come to us as the rain, as the latter rain which watereth the earth " (Hos. vi. 3).

WHEN from the bosom of the night
 The ruby morn awakes,
 Beam after beam of growing light
 Across the darkness breaks :
 Bright, beauteous heralds who forerun,
 The chariot of the glorious sun.

And can we not to-day perceive
 Signs that that morning springs,
 When truth and righteousness shall weave
 The web of human things ;
 And streams of pure celestial light
 Gladden the realms of former night.

For many now run to and fro,
 And knowledge is increased,
 The Gospel waters widely flow ;
 And ah ! that curse hath ceased—
 That bitter wrong—our nation's stain,
 The slave's excruciating chain !

Celestial Conqueror appear,
 Assume Thy glorious reign :
 Spread Thy victorious banner here,
 And ne'er depart again :
 One fold—one shepherd, may there be,
 All climes, all colours—one in THEE !

JAMES EDMESTON.

AN ADDRESS TO CUBA.

CUBA, of what avail that thou art fair !
 Pearl of the seas, the pride of the Antilles !
 If thy poor sons have still to see thee share
 The pangs of bondage, and its thousand ills ;
 Of what avail the verdure of thy hills ?
 The purple bloom the coffee plain displays
 Thy canes luxuriant growth ; whose culture fills
 More graves than famine, or the sword finds ways
 To glut with victims calmly as it slays.

Of what avail that thy sweet streams abound
 With precious ore : if wealth there's none to buy
 Thy children's rights, and not one grain is found
 For learning's shrine, or for the altar nigh,
 Of poor, forsaken, downcast liberty !
 Of what avail the riches of thy port,
 Forests of masts, and ships from every sea,
 If trade alone is free, and man the sport,
 The spoil of trade, bears wrongs of ev'ry sort ?

O ! if the name of Cuban makes my breast
 Thrill with a moment's pride, that soon is o'er,
 Or throb with joy to dream that thou art blest !
 Thy sons were free—thy soil unstained with gore.
 Reproach awakes me, to assail once more,
 And taint that name, as if the loathsome pest
 That spreads from slavery had seized the core,
 Polluting both th' oppressor and the oppressed :—
 Yet God be thanked, it has not reached my breast.

'Tis not alone the wretched negro's fate
 That calls for pity, sad as it may be ;
 There's more to weep for in that hapless state
 Of men who proudly boast that they are free,
 Whose moral sense is warped to that degree,
 That self-debasement seems to them unknown,
 And life's sole object, is for means to play,
 To roll a carriage, or to seek renown
 In all the futile follies of the town.

Cuba! canst thou, my own beloved land,
 Counsel thy children to withhold a curse,
 And call to mind the deeds of that fell band
 Whose boasted conquests mark one frightful course
 Of spoil and plunder, wrong by fraud or force;
 Of human carnage in religious gear,
 Of peace destroyed—defenceless people worse
 Than rudely outraged, nay, reserved to wear
 Their lives away in bondage and despair?

To think unmoved of millions of our race,
 Swept from thy soil by cruelties prolonged,
 Another clime then ravaged to replace
 The wretched Indians; Afric then wronged
 To fill the void where myriads lately thronged,
 And add new guilt to that long list of crimes,
 That cries aloud, in accents trumpet-tongued,
 And shakes the cloud that gathers o'er these climes,
 Portending evil and disastrous times.

Cuba, O Cuba, when they call thee fair!
 And rich and beautiful, the queen of isles!
 Star of the West, and ocean's gem most rare!
 O, say to them who mock thee with such wiles,
 Take of these flowers, and view these lifeless spoils
 That wait the worm; behold the hues beneath
 The pale cold cheek, and seek for living smiles,
 Where beauty lies not in the arms of death,
 And bondage taints not with its poisoned breath.

From the Spanish, by DR. MADDEN.

THE AFRICAN'S COMPLAINT ON BOARD A SLAVE SHIP.

TREMBLING, naked, wounded, sighing,
 On dis winged house I stand,
 Dat wid poor black man is flying
 Far away from their own land!

Fearful water all around me !
 Strange de sight on every hand,
 Hurry, noise, and shouts, confound me
 When I look for negro land.

Every thing I see affright me,
 Nothing I can understand,
 With de scourges white man fight me,
 None of dis in negro land.

Here de white man beat de black man,
 'Till he's sick and cannot stand,
 Sure de black be eat by white man,
 Will not go to white man land.

Here in chains poor black man lying,
 Put so thick dey on us stand ;
 Ah ! with heat and smells we're dying !
 'Twas not dus in negro land !

Dere we've room, and air, and freedom,
 Dere our little dwellings stand ;
 Families, and rice to feed 'em !
 O I weep for negro land.

Joyful dere before de doors
 Play our childrem hand in hand ;
 Fresh de fields, and sweet de flow'rs,
 Green de hills in negro land.

Dere I often go when sleeping,
 See my kindred round me stand ;
 Here 'em talk—den wake in weeping,
 Dat I've lost my negro land.

Dere my black love arms were round me,
 De whole night ! not like dis band,
 Close dey held, but did not wound me ;
 O ! I die for negro land !

De bad traders stole and sold me,
 Den was put in iron band—
 When I'm dead they cannot hold me,
 Soon I'll be in black man land.

GENTS. MAG.

THE NEGRO BOY.

"HASTE! hoist the sails! fair blows the wind,
 Jamaica, sultry land, adieu!
 Away! and loitering Anna find!
 I long dear England's shores to view."
 The sailors gladly haste on board,
 Soon is Trevannion's voice obeyed,
 And instant at her father's word,
 His menials seek the absent maid.

But where was loitering Anna found?
 Mute list'ning to a negro's prayer,
 Who knew that sorrow's plaintive sound
 Could always gain her ready ear.
 Who knew to sooth the slave's distress
 Was gentle Anna's dearest joy;
 And thence an earnest suit to press,
 To Anna flew the negro boy.

"Missa," poor Zambo cried, "Sweet land
 Dey tell me dat you go to see,
 Vere, soon as on de shore he stand,
 De helpless negro slave be free.
 Ah, dearest missa, you so kind!
 Do take me to that blessed shore,
 Dat I my own dear land may find,
 And dose who love me, see once more.

"Oh! ven no slave a boat I buy
 (For me a leetel boat vould do),
 And over wave again I fly,
 Mine own dear negro land to view,—

Ah ! I should know it quick like tink :
 No land so fine as dat me see ;
 And den, perhaps, upon de brink,
 My moder might be look for me.

“It is long time since lass we meet,
 Ven I vas take by bad vite man,
 And moder cry, and kiss his feet,
 And shrieking after Zambo ran.
 O missa ! long, how long, me feel
 Upon mine arms her lass embrace !
 Vile in de dark, dark ship, I dwell,
 Long burn her tear upon my face.

“How glad me vas she did not see
 De heavy chain my body bear ;
 Nor close, how close, ve crowded be ;
 Nor feel how bad, how sick, de air.
 Poor slaves ! but I had jest forget—
 Dey say (but teaze me is deir joy),
 Me grown so big dat ven ve meet
 My moder would not know her boy.

“Ah, *sure* 'tis false ; but yet if no,
 Ven I again my moder see,
 Such joy I at her sight would show,
 Dat she would tink it must be me.
 Den, kindest missa, be my friend ;—
 Yet dat indeed you long become ;
 But now one greatest favour lend,—
 O, find me chance to see my home !

“And ven I'm in my moder's arms,
 And tell de vonder I have know,
 I'll say, most best of all the charms
 Vas she who feel for negro's wo.
 And she shall teach for you dat prayer
 Dey teach to me to make me good ;
 Though men who sons from moders tear,
 She'll tink, teach goodness never could.

"Dey say me should to oders do
 Vat I would have dem do to me;—
 But if dey preach and practise too,
 A negro slave me should not be.
 Missa, dey say dat our black skin
 Be ugly, ugly, to de sight;
 But surely if dey look vidin,
 Missa, de negro's heart be vite.

"Yon cocoa-nut no smooth as silk,
 But rough and ugly is de rind;
 Ope it, sweet meat and sweeter milk
 Vidin dat ugly coat ve find.
 Ah, missa! smiling in your tear,
 I see you know what I'd impart;
 De cocoa-husk de skin I veer,
 De milk vidin be Zambo's heart.

"Dat heart love you, and dat good land
 Vere every negro slave be free,—
 Oh! if dat England understand
 De negro's wrongs, how wrath she be!
 No doubt that ship she never send
 Poor harmless negro slave to buy;
 Nor would she e'er de wretch befriend,
 Dat dare such cruel bargain try.

"O, missa's God! dat country bless!"
 (Here Anna's colour went and came,
 But saints might share the pure distress,
 For Anna blushed at others' shame.)
 "But, missa, say—shall I vid you
 To dat sweet England now depart,
 Once more mine own good country view,
 And press my moder on my heart?"

Then on his knees poor Zambo fell,
 While Anna tried to speak in vain:
 Th' expecting boy she could not tell
 He'd ne'er his mother see again.

But while she stood in mournful thought,
 Nearer and nearer voices came;
 The servants "loitering Anna" sought,
 The echoes rang with Anna's name.

Ah ! then, o'ercome with boding fear,
 Poor Zambo seized her trembling hand—
 "Mine only friend," he cried, "me fear
 You go, and me not see my land."
 Anna returned the artless grasp:
 "I cannot grant thy suit," she cries,
 "But I my father's knees will clasp,
 Nor will I, till he hears me, rise.

"For should thine anxious wish prove vain,
 And thou no more thy country see,
 Still pity's hand might break thy chain,
 And lighter bid thy labours be.
 Here wanton stripes, alas ! are thine,
 And tasks far, far beyond thy powers ;
 But I'll my father's heart incline,
 To bear thee to more friendly shores.

"Come ! to the beach ! for me they wait !"
 Then, grasping Zambo's sable hand,
 Swift as the wind, with hope elate,
 The lovely suppliant reached the sand.
 But wo betides an ill-timed suit :
 His temper soured by her delay,
 Trevannion bade his child be mute,
 Nor dare such fruitless hopes betray.

"I know," she cried, "I cannot free
 The numerous slaves that round me pine ;
 But one poor negro's friend to be,
 Might, (blessed thought !) might now be mine."
 But vainly Anna wept and prayed,
 And Zambo knelt upon the shore ;
 Without reply, the pitying maid
 Trevannion to the vessel bore.

Meanwhile, poor Zambo's cries to still,
 And his indignant grief to tame,
 Eager to act his brutal will,
 The negro's scourge-armed ruler came.
 The whip is raised—the lash descends—
 And Anna hears the sufferer's groan;
 But while the air with shrieks she rends,
 The signal's given—the ship sails on.

That instant, by despair made bold,
 Zambo one last great effort tried;
 He burst from his tormentor's hold—
 He plunged within the foaming tide.
 The desperate deed Trevannion views,
 And all his weak resentment flies:
 "See! see! the vessel he pursues!
 Help him, for mercy's sake!" he cries.

"Out with the boat! quick! throw a rope!
 Wretches, how tardy is your aid!"
 While pale with dread, or flush'd with hope,
 Anna the awful scene surveyed.
 The boat is out,—the rope is cast,—
 And Zambo struggles with the wave;—
 "Ha! see the boat approaches fast!
 O, father, we his life shall save!"

"But low, my child, and lower yet
 His head appears:—but sure he sees
 The succour given, and seems to meet
 Th' opposing waves with greater ease;—
 See! see! the boat—the rope he nears!
 I see him now his arm extend!—
 My Anna, dry those precious tears;
 My child shall be 'ONE NEGRO'S FRIEND.'"

Ah! death was near, that hope to foil:—
 To reach the rope poor Zambo tries;—
 But ere he grasps it, faint with toil,
 The struggling victim sinks, and dies.

Anna, I mourn thy virtuous wo ;
 I mourn thy father's keen remorse ;
 But from my eyes no tears would flow,
 At sight of Zambo's silent corse :

The orphan from his mother torn,
 And pining from his native shore ;
 Poor tortured slave—poor wretch forlorn—
 Can I his early death deplore ?
 I pity those who live and groan :
 Columbia countless Zamboes sees ;
 For swelled with many a wretch's moan
 Is Western India's sultry breeze.

Come, Justice, come ! in glory drest,
 O come ! the wo-worn negro's friend,—
 The fiend-delighting trade arrest,
 The negro's chains asunder rend.

AMELIA OPIE.

HARK ! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Hark ! a voice from heaven proclaiming
 Comfort to the mourning slave ;
 God has heard him long complaining,
 And extends his arm to save ;
 Proud oppression
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

See, the light of truth is breaking
 Full and clear on every hand ;
 And the voice of mercy speaking,
 Now is heard through all the land :
 Firm and fearless,
 See the friends of freedom stand.

Lo ! the nation is arousing
 From its slumber long and deep ;
 And the friends of God are waking,
 Never, never more to sleep,
 While a bondman,
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming
 O'er our country's sin and shame :
 Let us now, the time redeeming,
 Press the helpless captive's claim—
 'Till, exulting,
 He shall cast aside his chain.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

FROM CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

WHERE barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
 Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home ;
 Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Siber's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there,
 And light the dreadful features of despair.
 Hark ! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed !
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

* * * * *

Eternal nature ! when thy giant hand
 Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
 When life sprung starting at thy plastic call,
 Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
 Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
 To wear eternal chains and bow the knee ?
 Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
 Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil ;
 Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold ?
 No !—nature stamped us in a heavenly mould !
 She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
 Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !
 No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
 To call upon his country's name and weep !
 Lo ! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
 The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign ;

With fires proportioned to his native sky,
 Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;
 Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
 The spear, the lion, and the woods his own ;
 Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
 An artless savage, but a fearless man !

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

CURB not the spirit—it is free ! free ! free !
 The glorious image of the glorious God ;
 And, willed to freedom by Divinity,
 Boundless and chainless let it walk abroad !

Let it think all, know all, feel all that heaven
 Hath given it power to think, or feel, or know ;
 For all that heaven bestowed was freely given,
 And who shall curb what man cannot bestow ?

God made us free ! Between us and our Maker
 No cloud should gather and no shade should fall ;
 For he has called us each to be partaker
 Of the free table richly spread for all.

Let none put out the light that God has granted ;
 Let none deny fit nurture for the soul ;
 Let none withhold the draught for which we've panted,
 For he who willed the thirst prepared the bowl.

ELIZABETH C. ADDEY.

THE SLAVE BOY'S DEATH.

“ Another of my brothers was sold to Mr. Tyler, Dewan's Neck, Pasquotank County. This man very much ill-treated many coloured boys. One very cold day he sent my brother out, naked and hungry, to find a yoke of steers ; the boy returned without finding them, when his master flogged him, and sent him out again. A white lady who lived

near gave him food, and advised him to try again; he did so, but it seems again without success. He piled up a heap of leaves, and laid himself down on them, and died there. He was found through a flock of turkey buzzards hovering over him; these birds had pulled out his eyes!"—*Life of Moses Grandy, late a Slave in the United States of America*, London: Charles Gilpin, 1843.

"Go seek my steers," the master said,
 With sullen brow and eye;
 The sun gloomed out a dusky red,
 And storms drove through the sky;
 "Go seek my steers." Young Grandy heard,
 And went his way without a word.

He sought the steers through brake and glen,
 Through cheerless wood and plain,
 Beside the homes of toil-worn men,
 That spoke of want and pain;
 He passed the slaves in weary gang,
 And heard the *cat's* heart-quivering clang.

He sought the steers through tangled ground,
 Then climbed a neighbouring height,
 And with strained glances peered around,
 But found no steer in sight,
 The wind was high—'twas piercing cold—
 And back his shivering way he told.

"Go seek my steers!" the master cried,
 And flogged him forth anew;
 The boy turned back, while new-born pride
 Within his bosom grew—
 And struggling fearfully, that thought
 Above all former passions wrought.

Hungry and faint he walked forlorn,
 Relieved by stranger's bread;
 He sought the steers till early morn
 Glanced o'er the mountain's head;
 Then hopelessly he laid him down
 Upon a heap of leaflets brown.

And there he lay, as grew the day,
 Hungry, and faint, and pale;

And there he lay, while sunset gay
 Hushed all the western dale;
 And there he lay the lonely night,
 With its far starlights infinite.

His senses died, his soul went forth
 On free and tireless wing;
 He left in peace this torturing earth,
 A spirit's joy to sing,
 And gladly closed his weary eyes,
 To be awaked in paradise.

And none knew where the slave-boy lay,
 Until the buzzards gave
 Fierce notice of the shrunken clay,
 And of the leafy grave,
 Where the low wind's bewailing sigh
 Sung the young wanderer's lullaby.

With nature and in peace he died,
 Beside the ferny brake;
 The wild flowers smiling by his side,
 The wavelets of the lake
 Whispering soft music to his ear
 Long as the dying child could hear.

With nature, far from strife of men,
 From fiendish lash and frown,
 With nature, in the ferny glen,
 Among the branches brown—
 With nature, and with God to bear
 His unchained spirit through the air.*

ELIZABETH C. ADDEY.

* Mrs. Addey, the authoress of this poem, and the former one, is an Irish lady, resident in Dublin.

THE TWILIGHT VISION.

The tale of the *Twilight Vision* has too many parallels, so many as to strip it of all romantic interest; but though not always borne uncomplainingly, the sorrows of the negro mother, in the deprivation of her children, have seldom found a voice beyond the plantation. It may not, therefore, be without interest to select one out of the many in a well-known instance of a coloured woman, nurse to her master, and a respected family servant. To this woman a promise had been given that her children should not be sold; and, trusting to the honour of her foster son, she saw them grow up around her without dread of this fearful calamity.

Meantime her master's affairs became involved; the eldest son was sold, then another, and another; and every time the master protested that it should be the last. When one little boy alone remained of her large family, the promise was renewed with much apparent seriousness, and the anxious mother concentrated all her earthly hopes on this child. One day, however, the master came home and sent her to a town at some distance on pretence of business. While she was absent, the boy was sold to a trader, hurried away, and she never beheld him again. The mother became a maniac, and but for this the story would have been little talked of. She wandered from house to house bewailing her lost children, and one to whom the tale thus became known repeated it on this side of the Atlantic.

WHEN the stealthy twilight's coming
Is shadowing the room,
And the cheerful fire leaps upward,
The brighter for the gloom,
And a sense of all the blessings
That God has made our own
Seems clearer to the spirit
Than when the day-light shone;

Then in that holy season
Of thankfulness and prayer,
The solemn angel-monitors
God stations everywhere,
Draw back the folded curtains
Whereon our day-dreams glow,
And show behind the miseries
That other hearts must know.

And so last evening, sitting
With dear household voices round,

Making their pleasant music,
 There came a deeper sound,
 A voice that called my spirit
 From the fireside, far away
 To where a woman and a slave
 Upon her death-bed lay.

Before her eyes already
 Had passed a dread eclipse,
 And her hand grasp'd round for water
 To wet her fevered lips,
 "They have not left me even one,"
 In anguished tone she said,
 "Of the children I have borne,
 To hold my dying head."

"My children always cheered me,
 They were so good and kind,
 But sometimes when I looked at them,
 A thought would cross my mind
 That used to make the sunshine
 Of summer days feel cold,
 The thought the dreadful day would come
 When they should all be sold.

"But I tried hard to forget it,
 And to think it could not be,
 For I was everything to them,
 And they were all to me;
 And it seemed well nigh impossible
 That any human heart
 Was cold enough and harsh enough
 To tear us all apart.

"So they grew up and worked with me
 Under the bright sunshine,
 Until I dared to look at them,
 And think of them as mine.
 It was not long that on my heart
 This sense of comfort lay,
 For very soon they came to take
 My eldest boy away.

"They rang their silver, coin by coin,
 Under my very eyes,
 It sounded louder in their ears
 Than could a mother's cries :
 Then I gathered all my children,
 Save the lost one, in despair,
 As a hen folds in her chickens
 When a hawk is in the air.

"They came again, and then again,
 Again, and then again ;
 They bore one off from me each time,
 Those iron-hearted men,
 Till, of the six my God had given,
 They left to me but one,
 And then they bade me bow my head,
 And say, ' His will be done ! '

"They left my youngest, and for her
 I toiled with double strength,
 When master's working hours were through
 That I might earn at length
 Enough to buy her freedom back,
 When the sure day should come
 And bring those men to take from me
 What made my hut a home.

"Ten years of toil had passed away,
 (She was but six years old
 When tightly folded in my arms
 She saw her sister sold);
 And now she was a woman grown,
 So active and so gay,
 That, light of heart as any bird,
 She sang the live-long day.

"Ten years of toil had quickly passed
 And added to our store,
 So that each day the certainty
 Of freedom grew still more.
 The price was high, too, I had set,
 For I'd a mother's pride,

And yet the beauty of my child
I only wished to hide.

“They came at last, we felt prepared,
Nay, I felt even glad,
That I could hold within my hand
The only claim I had
To call her daughter, seeing that
Which, at her hour of birth,
God gave in heaven was valueless
As dust upon the earth.

“They came, and we with trembling hands
Counted the money out,
But master hardly looked at it,
And said, turning about,
‘Ten times the money that lies there,
Was paid for her to-night,
And she must go!’ Then everything
Grew black before my sight.

“And she was gone, and from that time
I only wished for death;
Now it has come, how willingly
I breathe my latest breath!
But thou hast told me in my heart,
Not long, O Lord, not long
Shall the race be to the swift
And the battle to the strong.”

I saw no more, my saddened soul
Returned to whence it came;
Less brightly then before my eyes
Leaped up the cheerful flame;
And louder than these voices dear
I heard the question sound,
“Do ye remember those in bonds
As ye with them were bound?”

MARIA LOWELL.*

* Maria Lowell is the beautiful wife of James Russell Lowell, one of the most accomplished of living Americans. He is a poet of no common ability, and, as well as his wife, a staunch abolitionist. Some of the cleverest of Lowell's pieces are comic and satirical.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

—— ——— was born a slave in Charleston, S. C. At eleven years old, one of her master's daughters being married to a gentleman of Boston, the little girl was given to her by her father as a wedding present. He was probably not aware that the removal to Boston cancelled the claim to hold her as a slave. She is now free—self-educated—amiable in character—a happy wife—and hoping mother. Speaking of her early life—"I often," said this lady, "recal the agonizing prayer which my mother used to offer for my sisters and myself. I remember, too, how she would plead that if it was God's will we might be taken to an early grave. She received with thankfulness the news of my removal to the North, though in consequence I was lost to her. All this was to me a mystery then; but I have since learned to understand it too well."

HER new-born child she holdeth,
 But feels within her heart
 It is not her's, but his who can
 Outbid her in the mart;
 And through the gloomy midnight
 Her prayer goes up on high,—
 "God grant my little helpless one
 In helplessness may die!"

"If she must live to womanhood,
 O! may she never know,
 Uncheered by mother's happiness
 The depth of mother's woe;
 And may I lie within my grave,
 Before that day I see,
 When she sits as I am sitting,
 With a slave-child on her knee!"

The little arms steal upwards,
 And then upon her breast
 She feels her brown and velvet hands
 That never are at rest;
 No sense of joy they waken,
 But thrills of bitter pain,
 She thinks of him who counteth o'er
 The gold those hands shall gain.

Then on her face she looketh,
 But not as mother proud,
 And seeth how her features,
 As from out a dusky cloud,
 Are tenderly unfolding,
 Far softer than her own,
 And how upon the rounded cheek
 A fairer light is thrown ;

And she trembles in her agony,
 And on her prophet heart
 There drops a gloomy shadow down,
 That never will depart ;
 She cannot look upon that face,
 Where in the child's pure bloom,
 Is writ with such dread certainty
 The woman's loathsome doom.

She cannot bear to know her child
 Must be as she hath been,
 Yet she sees but one deliverance
 From infamy and sin ;
 And so she cries at midnight,
 With exceeding bitter cry,
 " God grant my little helpless one
 In infancy may die."

MARIA LOWELL.

FLING OUT THE ANTI-SLAVERY FLAG.

FLING out the anti-slavery flag
 On every swelling breeze ;
 And let its folds wave o'er the land,
 And o'er the raging seas,
 Till all beneath the standard sheet,
 With new allegiance bow ;
 And pledge themselves to onward bear
 The emblem of their vow.

Fling out the anti-slavery flag,
 And let it onward wave
 Till it shall float o'er every clime,
 And liberate the slave;
 Till, like a meteor flashing far,
 It bursts with glorious light,
 And with its heaven-born rays dispels
 The gloom of sorrow's night.

Fling out the anti-slavery flag,
 And let it not be furled,
 Till like a planet of the skies,
 It sweeps around the world.
 And when each poor degraded slave,
 Is gathered near and far;
 O, fix it on the azure arch,
 As hope's eternal star.

Fling out the anti-slavery flag,
 For ever let it be
 The emblem to a holy cause,
 The banner of the free.
 And never from its guardian height,
 Let it by man be driven,
 But let it float for ever there,
 Beneath the smiles of heaven.

STORY-TELLING.

THE winter wind blew cold, and the snow was falling fast,
 But within the cheerful parlour none listened to the blast;
 The fire was blazing brightly, and soft lamps their radiance shed
 On rare and costly pictures, and many a fair young head.

The father in the easy chair, to his youngest nestling dove,
 Whispered a wondrous fairy tale, such as all children love;
 Brothers and sisters gathered round, and the eye might clearly trace
 A happiness too deep for words, on the mother's lovely face.

And when the fairy tale was done, the blue-eyed Ella said,
 "Mamma, please tell a story, too, before we go to bed,
 And let it be a funny one, such as I like to hear,
Red Riding Hood, or The Three Bears, or Chicken Littledear."

A smile beamed on the mother's face, as the little prattler spoke,
 And kissing her soft, rosy cheek, she thus the silence broke,
 "I will tell you my own darlings, a story that is true,
 Of a little Southern maiden, with a skin of sable hue.

"Xariffe, her mother called her, a child of beauty rare,
 With soft gazelle-like eyes, and curls of dark and shining hair,
 A fairy form of perfect grace, and such artless winning ways
 That none who saw her e'er could fail her loveliness to praise.

"She sported 'mid the orange-groves in gleeful, careless play,
 And her mother, as she gazed on her, in agony would pray,
 'My Father, God! be merciful! my cherished darling save
 From the curse whose sum of bitterness is to be a female slave.'

"God heard her prayer, but often he in wisdom doth withhold
 The boon we crave, that we may be pure and refined like gold;
 And the mother saw Xariffe grow in loveliness and grace,
 Till the roses of five summers blushed in beauty on her face.

"At length, one day, one sunny day, when earth and heaven were
 bright,
 The mother to her daily toil went forth at morning light;
 At evening, when her task was done—how can the tale be told?
 She came back to her empty hut, to find her darling sold.

"Come nearer, my own precious ones, your soft white arms entwine
 Around my neck, and kiss me close, sweet Ella, daughter mine;
 Five years in beauty *thou* hast bloomed, of my happy life a part,
 O, God! I guess the anguish of that lone slave-mother's heart.

"Now, darlings, go and kiss papa, and whisper your good night,
 Then hasten to your little beds, and sleep till morning light;
 But, O! before you close your eyes, God's care and blessing crave
 On the saddest of His children, that poor heart-broken slave."

ANNIE PARKER.

LINES

TO THOSE MEN AND WOMEN WHO WERE AVOWED ABOLITIONISTS IN
1831-35.

"There is a remarkable set of people now living and vigorously acting in the world, with a consonance of will and understanding which has perhaps never before been witnessed among so large a number of individuals of such diversified powers, habits, opinions, tastes, and circumstances. This body comprehends men and women of every shade of colour, of every degree of education, of every variety of religious opinions, of every gradation of rank, bound together by no vow, no pledge, no stipulation, but of each preserving his individual liberty; and yet they act as if they were one soul. Such union could be secured by no principle of worldly interest. A well-grounded faith, directed towards a noble object, is the only principle which can account for such a spectacle as the world is now waking up to contemplate in the abolitionists of the United States."—See *Martyr Age of the United States. Westminster Review.* December, 1838.

YE glorious band ! ye chosen few !

On whom God's spirit came—
Endowed with hearts so bold and true,
And tongues of living flame.

How memory kindles to review
The strife of recent years !
As the torch of truth went struggling through
Contending doubts and fears.

That torch, like Alpine's fiery cross,
Fled fast from hand to hand,—
Through deadly peril, pain, and loss,
It lightened round the land.

Men saw the kindling watch-fires burn
From rivers to the sea,
And paused 'mid worldly gain to learn
Whence all this light could be.

They heard the stunning roar and clash
Of elements contending,
They saw the burning glare and flash
Sin's secret caverns rending.

Then rose the loud discordant yell
 Of selfishness and power ;
 The light too strong upon them fell,
 In God's own searching hour.

In civil garb, or priestly guise,
 The aged and the youth,
 The prudent and the worldly wise
 Combined against the truth.

Ye smiled to see the war they waged,
 And scorned their rash design ;
 Ye knew how vainly hell had raged
 Against a truth Divine.

Right valiantly you kept your path,
 And bore the beacon high,
 While roaring in tumultuous wrath,
 The stormy waves rushed by.

Boldly ye sent the signal forth !
 Nor flashed the fire in vain ;
 For the South answering to the North,*
 Reflected it again.

Now the whole land is filled with light,
 And converts come like dew,—
 God grant the torch may burn as bright,
 As when our names were few !

In sooth, it somewhat grieves my heart,
 That the world is coming in
 With its polluting, prudent art
 Of compromise with sin.

For O, it was a solemn joy,
 That tide of sin to turn !
 A holy and a blest employ,
 To make those watch-fires burn !

* James G. Birney, James A. Thome, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Taylor. Angelina and Sarah Grimke—all anti-slavery lecturers and agents—came from the slaveholding states.

God bless you with his love Divine,
 Dear brethren, tried and true !
 And grant your light may brightly shine,
 As when our names were few.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

SONG OF THE ABOLITIONIST.

William Lloyd Garrison, the pioneer of the anti-slavery cause in the United States of America, was born of poor parents, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1806. In his 24th year, his attention was arrested and his judgment convinced by the perusal of a pamphlet, published by Elizabeth Heyrick, of England, entitled "*Immediate, not Gradual Emancipation*," which pleads for the immediate abolition of slavery, on the ground that, being sinful, it should be immediately abandoned. At that period a profound indifference, respecting this momentous subject, overspread the public mind in America, but was slightly disturbed by the occasional exposures of the enormity of the evil, and proposals for its gradual abatement or amelioration. But since Garrison commenced his apostleship, this apathy has had no peace ; and the question of slavery has become one of national interest, and incessant agitation throughout the Union. Alone, poor, and unfriended, he commenced, in Boston, a small newspaper, entitled *The Liberator*, in which, with remarkable vehemence and earnestness, he endeavoured to arouse the nation to a sense of the disgrace and guilt of slavery. His disinterested and fearless devotedness speedily attracted attention, and a number of kindred spirits adopted his principles, and aided his efforts by their talents, their money, and their influence. He continues his labour to the present time, undaunted by a storm of incessant ridicule, calumny, and unprincipled opposition, such as perhaps no philanthropist ever before encountered in the prosecution of a cause so plainly sanctioned by all the claims of humanity, liberty, religion, civilization, and morality. Mr. Garrison's personal character is distinguished by firmness of purpose, purity of life and conversation, integrity, and guilelessness, both in his public labours and in all the relations of private life. Few men are more trusted, honoured, and beloved than he is by those who co-operate with him in the promotion of the great and holy cause to which his life has been chiefly consecrated. It may be mentioned, as a proof of magnanimity and conscious rectitude, that in his paper, *The Liberator*, may always be found republished, without note or comment, all that has recently appeared against himself, in the pro-slavery papers of the Union, from the pens of his fiercest opponents.

I AM an abolitionist !
 I glory in the name ;
 Though now by slavery's minions hissed,
 And covered o'er with shame :

It is a spell of light and power—
 The watchword of the free :—
 Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
 A craven soul is he !

I am an abolitionist !
 Then urge me not to pause ;
 For joyfully do I enlist
 In freedom's sacred cause :
 A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
 Th' enslaved to disenthral ;
 I am a soldier for the war,
 Whatever may befall !

I am an abolitionist—
 Oppression's deadly foe ;
 In God's great strength will I resist,
 And lay the monster low ;
 In God's great name do I demand,
 To all be freedom given,
 That peace and joy may fill the land,
 And songs go up to heaven !

I am an abolitionist !
 No threats shall awe my soul,
 No perils cause me to desist,
 No bribes my acts control ;
 A freeman will I live and die,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 And raise my voice for liberty,
 Of nought on earth afraid.

I am an abolitionist—
 The tyrant's hate and dread—
 The friend of all who are oppressed—
 A price is on my head !
 My country is the wide, wide world,
 My countrymen mankind :
 Down to the dust be slavery hurled !
 All servile chains unbind !

LIBERTY.

THY cause, O liberty ! can never fail,
 Whether by foes o'erwhelmed, or friends betray'd ;
 Then be its advocates of nought afraid !
 As God is true, they surely shall prevail.
 Let base oppressors tremble and turn pale !
 They, they alone, may justly be dismayed ;
 For truth and right are on thy side arrayed,
 And the whole world shall yet thy triumph hail.
 No blow for thee was ever struck in vain ;
 Thy champions, martyrs, are of noble birth ;
 Rare honours, blessings, praises, thanks they gain,
 And time and glory magnify their worth !
 A thousand times defeated, thou shalt reign
 Victor, O liberty, o'er all the earth !

W. L. GARRISON.

LIBERTY FOR ALL.

THEY tell me, Liberty ! that in thy name,
 I may not plead for all the human race ;
 That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
 Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
 And some to power supreme, and glorious fame :
 With my whole soul, I spurn the doctrine base,
 And as an equal brotherhood, embrace
 All people, and for all fair freedom claim !
 Know this, O man ! whate'er thy earthly fate—
 GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT, NOR A SLAVE ;
 Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
 His glorious image !—for to all He gave
 Eternal rights, which none may violate ;
 And, by a mighty hand, the oppress'd he yet shall save !

W. L. GARRISON.

THE KNEELING SLAVE.

“Am I not a man and a brother?”

My heart is sad as I contemplate thee,
 Thou fettered victim of despotic sway;
 Driven, like a senseless brute, from day to day,
 Though equal born, and as thy tyrant free.
 With hands together clasped imploringly,
 And face upturned to heaven, (heaven shall repay!)
 For liberty and justice thou dost pray,
 In piteous accents, and on bended knee.
 Thy exclamation, “AM NOT I A MAN?”
 “A BROTHER?” thrills my soul! I answer—YES.
 Though placed beneath an ignominious ban,
 That thou art both, all shall at last confess:
 To rescue thee incessantly I’ll plan,
 And toil and plead thy injuries to redress.

W. L. GARRISON.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

When Slavery was abolished in the West Indies, the people of this country cheerfully paid down twenty millions as a ransom for the last remnant of *chattel* slavery which existed throughout our vast empire, and from that day no portion of the British soil has been trodden by a single slave. The sacrifice was costly, but the object was noble; and the people considered the money well spent.

Lo! the bondage of ages has ceased!
 The chains of the tyrant are riven!
 No more, as a chattel or beast,
 Shall man to his labour be driven:
 Where the groans and the shrieks of despair
 From the heart-broken victims were heard,
 Songs of rapturous joy fill the air,
 More sweet than the notes of a bird!

Hark ! a voice from the isles of the sea !
 Its echoes are heard round the world ;
 O, joyful it's message—"WE'RE FREE !
 To the dust all oppression is hurl'd !
 We are free as the waves of the deep,
 As the winds that sweep over the earth ;
 And therefore we jubilee keep,
 And hallow the day of our birth !"

Columbia ! O, shame on thee now !
 Repent thee in ashes and dust !
 There is blood on thy hands—on thy brow—
 And thou art by slavery curst !
 Thy millions of vassals set free,
 Away with the scourge and the rod—
 Then join with the isles of the sea
 In a shout of thanksgiving to God !

W. L. GARRISON.

SONNET ON COMPLETING MY 35TH YEAR.

If to the age of threescore years and ten,
 God of my life ! thou shalt my term prolong,
 Still be it mine to reprobate all wrong,
 And save from woe my suffering fellow-men.
 Whether, in freedom's cause, my voice or pen
 Be used by thee, who art my boast and song,
 To vindicate the weak against the strong,
 Upon my labours rest thy benison !
 O, not for Afric's sons alone I plead,
 Or her descendants ; but for all who sigh
 In servile chains, whate'er their caste or creed ;
 They not in vain to heaven send up their cry ;
 For all mankind from bondage shall be freed,
 And from the earth be chased all forms of tyranny.

W. L. GARRISON.

“TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.”

The condemnation of various articles of commerce, conveyed in the following lines, does not apply to the sugar, rice, cotton, &c., imported from British possessions, and produced by free labour. The object aimed at is to induce our generous fellow-countrymen to discriminate, and thus to clear themselves from all participation in other men's sins.

It is frivolous and vain
To protest against an ill
In noble tones of high disdain,
Yet profit by it still.

The meshes of the curse
Of America have wound
So closely round the freeman's purse,
That freedom's tongue is bound.

And the poison of the dart
That was forged beyond the seas,
Has shot into Britannia's heart
America's disease.

There once was One who came,
To light the eyeball dim,
To loose the captive, to proclaim
That none were scorn'd by Him.

He scarce could bless the bride
In slave-wrought fabrics dress'd,
Or grace the friendly board supplied
By the toil of the oppress'd.

The rice-grains pearly shine
Shows a liar from its youth :
It would be red as reddest wine,
If its cheeks could blush the truth.

Its colour and its pride
Is shroud-like to the view :
No wonder ! many souls have died
In reaping it for you.

The berry of the tree
 Whose exhilarating powers
 Can set the chain'd affections free
 In winter evening-hours,

Must be fused with Lethé's stream,
 E'er its flavour be enjoyed;
 For now it conjures up a dream
 Of homes and hearts destroy'd;

There are stains on muslin robes,
 Deep as a father's curse,
 That all the seas of all the globes
 Of all the universe

Can never wash away!
 And where *that* spot has been
 The sweetest breeze that e'er did play
 Could never bleach it clean.

The sugar, sweet and fine,
 And tempting to the eye,
 Would taste like human tears of brine,
 If it utter'd not a lie.

Its purifying flood
 Is of scarlet waters made:
 But worse to fear that other blood
 May lend its mingling aid.

'Twere vain to plead with those
 Who are poison-drinking men:
 They would hear the tale in calm repose,
 Then fill the bowl again.

But some could tell a tale
 Of the ruby tide they quaff,
 That would foul the healthiest summer-gale
 With the arch-fiend's bitterest laugh.

And vain to speak to men
 Whose joys are nought but smoke:
 They would hear it all—then bow again
 Their necks beneath the yoke.

But the clouds that they exhale
 Are wafted to the sky,
 Full-charged with many a thunder tale
 Of selfish luxury.

But to ladies rich and fair,
 Whose hearts are kindly made,
 We say the purest diamond's glare
 Has a red and bloody shade.

Frozen tears of dark distress
 From the eyelids of the West!
 Can *woman* have the heart to press
 Your beauties to her breast?

Then away with every fruit
 Of the labour of the slave,
 Fit only for the senseless brute,
 The traitor or the knave.

Let Britons, brave and free,
 Shake off oppression's dust!
 Or purchase slaves themselves, and be
 Consistently unjust!

R. B. R.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The fourth of July, being the Anniversary of American Independence, is celebrated through the United States with unbounded festivity. Such a scene as the following consorts strangely with rejoicings for *Free Institutions*, and the possession of *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* to all.

THE SLAVE-MART AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY GRAPHOMANIA.

"So spake the fiend: and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

"Three hundred slaves were huddled together near the auctioneer's platform, where one by one they were successively to pass under the hammer. The men sat in stoical silence. The women, especially such

as were mothers, gazed in anxious grief upon their little ones, as they playfully grouped themselves upon the floor at their feet. The children that but a short time since had been pressed to the mother's bosom, with all the earnest yearnings that none but a mother's heart can feel, were to be sold and separated away to cruel servitude, never more to know the endearments of maternal love. All the ties of consanguinity and friendship were here to be severed for life, and the miserable objects to be sent from the place where all their happy associations had clustered, away to the fever and ague swamps of Mississippi, or to the barbarous cotton fields of Upper Texas. And such an outrage upon humanity was to be perpetrated in open day-light, in a Christian city, and witnessed—yes, sanctioned by hundreds of witnesses! One could hardly realize the atrocious fact. Here, in the freest country on earth, and in the nineteenth century, was a scene transpiring that would have disgraced the times of Nero or Caligula. It is no dream of fiction, it is too real. And yet no avenging hand is put forth to stay the outrage. The work goes on."

O God! what mockery is this!
 Our land how lost to shame!
 Well may all Europe jeer and hiss,
 At mention of her name!
 For, while she boasts of liberty,
 'Neath slavery's iron sway
 Three millions of her people lie,
 On Independence day!

She may not, must not, thus rejoice,
 Nor of her triumph tell:
 Hushed be the cannon's thundering voice,
 And muffled every bell!
 Dissolved in tears, prone in the dust,
 For mercy let her pray,
 That judgments on her may not burst,
 On Independence day!

Lo where her starry banner waves,
 In many a graceful fold—
 There toil, and bleed, and groan, her slaves,
 And men like brutes are sold!
 Her hands are red with crimson stains,
 And bloody is her way;
 She wields the lash, she forges chains,
 On Independence day!

Friends of your country—of your race—
 Of freedom, and of God !
 Combine oppression to efface,
 And break the tyrant's rod ;
 All traces of injustice sweep,
 By moral power, away ;
 Then a glorious jubilee we'll keep,
 On Independence day !

W. L. GARRISON.

THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

“ Thou shalt cause the trump of jubilee to sound. . . . And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof ” (Lev. xxv. 9, 10).

God speed the year of jubilee
 The wide world o'er !
 When from their galling chains set free,
 The oppress'd shall vilely bend the knee,
 And wear the yoke of tyranny,
 Like brutes, no more :—
 That year will come, and freedom's reign
 To man his plundered rights again
 Restore.

God speed the day when human blood
 Shall cease to flow !
 In every clime be understood
 The claims of human brotherhood,
 And each return for evil, good—
 Not blow for blow :—
 That day will come, all feuds to end,
 And change into a faithful friend
 Each foe.

God speed the hour, the glorious hour,
 When none on earth
 Shall exercise a lordly power,
 Nor in a tyrant's presence cower,

But all to manhood's stature tower,
 By equal birth!—
 That hour will come, to each, to all,
 And from his prison-house the thrall
 Go forth.

Until that year, day, hour arrive,
 With head, and heart, and hand I'll strive
 To break the rod, and rend the gyve,—
 The spoiler of his prey deprive,—
 So witness heaven!
 And never from my chosen post,
 Whate'er the peril or the cost,
 Be driven.

W. L. GARRISON.

CLARKSON.

HAIL! veteran warrior in this righteous cause,
 To-day with pure delight thy breast beats high;
 Mercy to-day presides o'er Britain's laws,
 And slavery, vanquished, quits the field—to die.
 Long did the monster all thy toils defy,
 And long and warily thy grasp elude;
 But now behold the coward miscreant fly,
 Swift as the wicked when by none pursued,
 With hands too deeply in the negro's blood embrued.

Unequal was the combat whilst arrayed
 In hostile ranks the rich—the strong—the brave
 Their haughty front in contumely displayed
 Against the lowly suppliant negro slave.
 Then British justice slept, nor dared to save
 These helpless victims from their depth of woe;
 Left them to sink beneath affliction's wave,
 The selfishness of man their curse to know,
 His lust of wealth and power blasting their hopes below.

But now—rejoice ! the darkness is dispelled,
 Thy prayer hath reached the mercy-seat on high ;
 This race, too long in wretched durance held,
 Are now redeemed to taste of liberty.
 No despot shall their equal rights deny—
 No price be set on flesh, and bones, and blood ;
 But in one bond of harmony and joy,
 All hands united for the social good—
 All hearts upraised to Him who in the breach hath stood.

It boots not that the false alarmists cry—
 “Emancipation nameless horrors brings ;
 Let colonists forsake their homes, and die—
 Nor madly dare to change the course of things !”
 Fallacious pleaders ! know ye not the stings
 Inflicted on the master and the slave
 By that degrading, heartless scheme that wrings
 The negro’s blood, and sinks him to the grave ?
 O ! seek no subterfuge, a scheme so vile to save.

E’en heathen moralists were wont to say,
 “*Do justice*—though the heavens in fire dissolve.”
 And shall we, with more perfect light than they,
 This problem, long delayed, neglect to solve ?
 See nature in her grandest works involve
 Cities in ruined heaps—from dross to purge
 Her burning chaos, and the mass resolve ;
 So from the earth shall be expelled this scourge—
 To-day the slave doth from his suffering lot emerge !

And in the glorious deed, large is thy share—
 May thy “reward in heaven” as ample prove ;
 And there are they whose fervent humble prayer
 Hath oft been lifted to the Lord of love,
 Who now the negro’s bondage doth remove :
 These, too, have sought oppression’s hand to stay,
 And though, like thee, they have not boldly strove
 Through *all* the heat and burden of the day,
 They know the vineyard’s Lord will their brief toil repay.

And there was too—a small intrepid band
 Of “Friends,” regardless of their own repose,

By whose unceasing zeal that flame was fanned
 That *now* on freedom's altar brightly glows ;
 These hail with thee the sun which this day rose,
 The light of liberty and joy to shed,
 And the glad page of gospel truth disclose
 To those who erst in ignorance were dead,
 That they thro' grace may to the fount of truth be led.

Thus shall the hateful name of slave be lost,
 Whilst light from heaven God's image shall restore
 A Christian life—the negro's proudest boast ;
 His curse on "Christian" white men heard no more !
 May thoughts like these console thy evening hour—
 Reward thee for a life of toil and gloom—
 Thy soul, a monument of mercy's power,
 Redeemed to flourish in immortal bloom
 Through Him who died—yet rose in triumph o'er the tomb !

△

ON SLAVERY.

ERIN, my country ! o'er the swelling wave
 Join in the cry, ask freedom for the slave—
Immediate freedom ; let no selfish clause,
 No cruel policy *increase* his woes.
 Long hath he suffered—long been known to weep,
 Whilst retributive justice seem'd to sleep ;
 Roused at the call of freedom, from her trance,
 She bids thy sons in her bright train advance,
 Their eloquence—O ! may it, as the roar
 Of the loud thunder, vibrate to each shore
 Of this vast empire, e'en till every heart,
 Fired with fresh ardour, in her cause take part.
 Queen of the isles ! Victoria, from thy throne
 Of regal splendour, hear thy people's groan,
 And say, shall woman plead with thee in vain
 For *woman*, bowed in slavery's galling chain ?
 Never, *no never* ! thy young heart shall feel
 The pure delight—the bliss—the *power* to heal.

O, cast thine eyes o'er thine own favoured isle,
 How many happy homes await thy smile—
 Homes, where affection's radiant sunbeams throw
 Zest o'er our joys, and solace o'er our woe;
 These, *these* are sacred, no fell tyrant dare
 From the fond mother's grasp, her treasure tear—
 No! *worse than savage*, bent on hateful strife,
 Rend from her husband's arms the shrieking wife!
 It is not so beyond the boundless sea,
 Where sunny islands own a Queen in thee.
 How great the contrast! hideous slavery there,
 Full fraught with horror, reigns; and wild despair
 Bends to the earth his victims. Hope wanes dim
 Within the slave's sad heart. He feels for him
 How faint a gleam of happiness is given,—
 His tyrant lord points not the path to heaven.
 Then O, Victoria! quickly o'er the wave
 Speed forth thy mandate, thine the power to save,
 Thousands of hearts, that throb with anguish now,
 Shall call for blessings on thy youthful brow.

J.

THE SORROWS OF YAMBA, OR THE NEGRO WOMAN'S LAMENTATION.

"IN St. Lucia's distant isle,
 Still with Afric's love I burn;
 Parted many a thousand mile,
 Never, never to return.

"Come, kind death! and give me rest,
 Yamba has no friend but thee;
 Thou can'st ease my throbbing breast,
 Thou canst set the prisoner free.

"Down my cheeks the tears are dripping,
 Broken is my heart with grief;
 Mangled my poor flesh with whipping;
 Come, kind death! and bring relief.

“Born on Afric’s golden coast,
 Once I was as blest as you;
 Parents tender I could boast,
 Husband dear, and children too.

“Whity man he came from far,
 Sailing o’er the briny flood;
 Who, with help of Christian tar,
 Buys up human flesh and blood.

“With the baby at my breast
 (Other two were sleeping by),
 In my hut I sat at rest,
 With no thought of danger nigh.

“From the bush at eventide,
 Rush’d the fierce man-stealing crew;
 Seiz’d the children by my side,
 Seiz’d the wretched Yamba too.

“Then for love of filthy gold,
 Strait they bore me to the sea;
 Cramm’d me down a slave-ship’s hold,
 Where were hundreds stow’d like me.

“Naked on the platform lying,
 Now we cross the tumbling wave;
 Shrieking, sickening, fainting, dying,—
 Deed of shame for white men brave.

“At the savage captain’s beck,
 Now like brutes they make us prance;
 Smack the cat about the deck,
 And in scorn they bid us dance.

“I in groaning pass’d the night,
 And did roll my aching head;
 At the break of morning light,
 My poor child was cold and dead.

“Happy, happy, there she lies!
 Thou shalt feel the lash no more;
 Thus full many a negro dies,
 Ere we reach the destin’d shore.

“Drove like cattle to a fair,
 See, they sell us young and old;
 Child from mother, too, they tear;
 All for love of filthy gold.

“I was sold to massa hard,
 Some have massas kind and good;
 And again my back was scarr’d,
 Bad and stinted was my food.

“Poor and wounded, faint and sick,
 All expos’d to burning sky;
 Massa bids me grass to pick,
 And I now am near to die.

“What, and if to death he send me,
 Savage murder tho’ it be,
 British laws shall ne’er befriend me,
 They protect not slaves like me?

“Mourning thus, my wretched state
 (Ne’er may I forget the day),
 Once in dusk of evening late,
 Far from home I dar’d to stray.

“Dared, alas! with impious haste,
 Towards the roaring sea to fly;
 Death itself I long’d to taste,
 Long’d to cast me in and die.

“There I met upon the strand,
 English missionary good;
 He had Bible book in hand,
 Which poor me no understood.

“Then he led me to his cot,
 Sooth’d and pity’d all my woe;
 Told me ’twas the Christian’s lot,
 Much to suffer here below.

“Told me then of God’s dear Son
 (Strange and wondrous is the story);
 What sad wrong to him was done,
 Though he was the Lord of glory.

"Told me, too, like one who knew him
 (Can such love as this be true)?
 How he died for them that slew him,
 Died for wretched Yamba too.

"Freely he his mercy proffer'd,
 And to sinners he was sent;
 E'en to massa pardon's offer'd,
 O, if massa would repent.

"Wicked deed full many time
 Sinful Yamba too hath done;
 But she wails to God her crime,
 But she trusts His only Son.

"O, ye slaves whom massa beat,
 Ye are stain'd with guilt within;
 As ye hope for mercy sweet,
 So forgive your massas' sin.

"And with grief when sinking low,
 Mark the road that Yamba trod;
 Think how all her pain and woe
 Brought the captive home to God.

"Now let Yamba too adore
 Gracious heaven's mysterious plan;
 Now I'll count thy mercies o'er,
 Flowing through the guilt of man.

"Now I'll bless my cruel capture
 (Hence I've known a Saviour's name),
 Till my grief is turn'd to rapture,
 And I half forget the blame.

"But though here a convert rare
 Thanks her God for grace Divine,
 Let not man the glory share,
 Sinner, still the guilt is thine.

"Duly now baptiz'd am I,
 By good missionary man;
 Lord, my nature purify,
 As no outward water can.

“ All my former thoughts abhorr’d,
 Teach me now to pray and praise;
 Joy and glory in my Lord,
 Trust and serve him all my days.

“ But tho’ death this hour may find me,
Still with Afric’s love I burn;
 There I’ve left a spouse behind me,
 Still to native land I turn.

“ And when Yamba sinks in death,
 This my latest prayer shall be;
 While I yield my parting breath,
O, that Afric might be free!

“ Cease, ye Christian sons of murder!
 Cease from forging Afric’s chains;
 Mock your Saviour’s name no further,
 Cease your savage lust of gain.

“ Ye that boast ‘*Ye rule the waves,*’
 Bid no slave-ship soil the sea;
 Ye that ‘*Never will be slaves,*’
 Bid poor Afric’s land be free.

“ Where ye gave to war its birth,
 Where your traders fix’d their den,
 There go, publish ‘*Peace on earth,*’
 Go, proclaim ‘*Good-will to men.*’

“ Where ye once have carried slaughter,
 Vice, and slavery, and sin;
 Seiz’d on husband, wife and daughter,
 Let the gospel enter in.

“ Thus where Yamba’s native home,
 Humble hut of rushes stood;
 O! if there should chance to roam
 Some dear missionary good.

“ Thou, in Afric’s distant land,
 Still shalt see the man I love,
 Join him to the Christian band;
 Guide his soul to realms above.

“There no fiend again shall sever,
 Those whom God hath join'd and blest;
 There they dwell with Him for ever,
 There ‘*the weary are at rest.*’”

SONG OF THE COFFLE GANG.

This song is said to be sung by slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when parting from friends for the far-off South—children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters.

SEE these poor souls from Africa,
 Transported to America:

We are stolen and sold to Georgia, will you go along with me?
 We are stolen and sold to Georgia, go sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,
 The children's screams!—it breaks my heart;
 There's a better day a-coming, will you go along with me?
 There's a better day a-coming, go sound the jubilee.

O, gracious Lord! when shall it be,
 That we poor souls shall all be free?
 Lord, break them slavery powers—will you go along with me?
 Lord, break them slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when slavery 'll cease,
 Then we poor souls can have our peace;
 There's a better day a-coming, will you go along with me?
 There's a better day a-coming, go sound the jubilee.

YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

YE heralds of freedom, ye noble and brave,
 Who dare to insist on the rights of the slave,
 Go onward, go onward, your cause is of God,
 And he will soon sever the oppressor's strong rod.

The finger of slander may now at you point,
 That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;
 And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,
 Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,
 May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;
 The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,
 And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard, and fight by his side,
 O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride;
 His gracious protection will be to you given,
 And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

LAMENT OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

"My child, we must soon part to meet no more this side of the grave. You have ever said that you would not die a slave; that you would be a free man. Now try to get your liberty!"—W. W. Brown's *Narrative*.

I'VE wandered out beneath the moon-lit heaven,
 Lost mother! loved and dear,
 To every beam a magic power seems given
 To bring thy spirit near;
 For though the breeze of freedom fans my brow,
 My soul still turns to thee! O, where art thou?

Where art thou, mother? I am weary thinking;
 A heritage of pain and woe
 Was thine,—beneath it art thou slowly sinking,
 Or hast thou perished long ago?
 And doth thy spirit, 'mid the quivering leaves above me,
 Hover, dear mother, near, to guard and love me?

I murmur at my lot; in the white man's dwelling
 The mother there is found;
 Or he may tell where spring-buds first are swelling
 Above her lowly mound;
 But thou,—lost mother, every trace of thee
 In the vast sepulchre of slavery!

Long years have fled, since sad, faint-hearted,
 I stood on freedom's shore,
 And knew, dear mother, from thee I was parted
 To meet thee never more;
 And deemed the tyrant's chain with thee were better
 Than stranger hearts and limbs without a fetter.

Yet blessings on thy Roman-mother spirit;
 Could I forget it, then,
 The parting scene, and struggle not to inherit
 A freeman's birthright once again?
 O noble words! O holy love which gave
 Thee strength to utter them, a poor, heart-broken slave!

Be near me, mother, be thy spirit near me,
 Wherever thou may'st be,
 In hours like this bend near that I may hear thee,
 And know that thou art free;
 Summoned at length from bondage, toil, and pain,
 To God's free world, a world without a chain!

WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free,
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!
 True sons of brave sires, who battled of yore,
 When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore!
 We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
 With hearts to do battle for freedom again;
 Oppression is trembling, as trembled before
 The slavery which fled from our fathers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
 Our motto is freedom, our country the world;
 Our watchword is liberty—tyrants beware!
 For the liberty army will bring you despair!
 We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
 Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
 With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
 A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on !
 The man-stealing army we'll surely put down ;
 They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,
 For *freemen* have *risen* and taken the field.
 Then arouse ye ! arouse ye ! the fearless and free,
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea ;
 Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,
Resound with a liberty triumph once more.

ON TO VICTORY.

CHILDREN of the glorious dead,
 Who for freedom fought and bled,
 With her banner o'er you spread,
 On to victory.

Not for stern ambition's prize,
 Do our hopes and wishes rise ;
 Lo, our leader from the skies,
 Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—
 We no earthly weapons wield,
 Light and love our sword and shield,
 Truth our panoply.
 This is proud oppression's hour ;
 Storms are round us ; shall we cower ?
 While beneath a despot's power
 Groans the suffering slave ?

While on every Southern gale,
 Comes the helpless captive's tale,
 And the voice of woman's wail,
 And of man's despair !
 While our homes and rights are dear,
 Guarded still with watchful fear,
 Shall we coldly turn our ear
 From the suppliant's prayer !

Never! by our country's shame—
 Never! by a Saviour's claim,
 To the men of every name,
 Whom he died to save.
 Onward, then, ye fearless band—
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
 Yours shall be the patriot's stand—
 Or the martyr's grave.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

The disease called ophthalmia, which overtakes its victims with loss of sight, is a frequent occurrence on board slave-ships, smiting both captors and captives with blindness. This dreadful calamity has already been mentioned at page 16, No 1, of these poems, in the case of the ship *Le Rodeur*. The following, from the *African Reporter*, is a more particular account of this awful visitation:—The case of a ship, called *Le Rodeur*, was brought to light under circumstances which place its truth beyond the shadow of a doubt. It appeared in a periodical work, published at Paris, and devoted to medical subjects, entitled *Bibliothèque Ophtalmologique, ou Recueil d'Observations sur les Maladies des Yeux, faites à la Clinique de l'Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles, par Mons. Guille, Directeur General et Médecin en Chef de l'Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles de Paris, &c.—avec des Notes par MM. Depuytreu, Pariset, &c.*; into which this was introduced, merely for the elucidation of some medical facts. The following is the translation of an extract from this work:—"The ship *Le Rodeur*, Captain B——, of 200 tons burden, left Havre the 24th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination the 14th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, in the river Calabar. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, enjoyed good health during the outward voyage, and during their stay at Bonny, where they continued till the 6th April. They had observed no trace of ophthalmia among the natives; and it was not until fifteen days after they had set sail on the return voyage, and the vessel was near the equator, that they perceived the first symptoms of this frightful malady. It was then remarked, that the negroes, who, to the number of 160, were crowded together in the hold, and between the decks, had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes, which spread with singular rapidity. No great attention was at first paid to these symptoms, which were thought to be caused only by the want of air in the hold, and by the scarcity of water, which had already begun to be felt. At this time they were limited to eight ounces of water a day for each person, which quantity was afterwards reduced to half a wine-glass. By the advice of M. Maignan, the surgeon of the ship, the

negroes, who had hitherto remained shut up in the hold, were brought upon deck in succession, that they might breathe a purer air. But it became necessary to abandon this expedient, salutary as it was, because many of those negroes, affected with nostalgia (*i.e.*, a passionate desire to revisit their native land), threw themselves into the sea, locked in each others' arms.

"The disease, which had spread itself so rapidly and frightfully among the Africans, soon began to affect all on board, and to create alarms for the crew. The danger of infection, and perhaps the cause which produced the disease, were increased by a violent dysentery, attributed to the use of rain-water. The first of the crew who caught the infection, was a sailor who slept under the deck, near the grated hatch which communicated with the hold. Next day a landman was seized with ophthalmia; and, in three days more, the captain and almost the whole of the crew were infected by it."

The means of cure which the surgeon employed proved inefficient. "The sufferings of the people," the account goes on to state, "and the number of the blind, augmented every day; so that the crew, previously alarmed by the apprehension of a revolt among the negroes, were seized with the further dread of not being able to make the West Indies, if the only sailor who had hitherto escaped the contagion, and on whom their whole hope rested, should become blind like the rest. This calamity had actually befallen the *Leon*, a Spanish vessel, which the *Rodeur* met with on her passage, the whole of whose crew, having become blind, were under the necessity of altogether abandoning the direction of their ship. They entreated the charitable interference of the *Rodeur*; but the seamen of this vessel could not either quit her to go on board the *Leon*, on account of the cargo of negroes, nor receive the crew of the *Leon* on board the *Rodeur*, in which there was scarcely room for themselves. The difficulty of taking care of so large a number of sick in so confined a space, and the total want of fresh meat, and of medicines, made them envy the fate of those who were about to become the victims of a death which seemed to them inevitable, and the consternation was general.*

"The *Rodeur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June, 1819, her crew being in a most deplorable condition. Three days after her arrival, the only man who, during the voyage, had withstood the influence of the contagion, and whom Providence appeared to have preserved as a guide to his unfortunate companions, was seized with the same malady. Of the negroes, thirty-nine had become perfectly blind, twelve had lost an eye, and fourteen were affected with blemishes more or less considerable. Of the crew, twelve lost their sight entirely, among whom was the surgeon; five became blind of one eye, one of them being the captain; and four were partially injured."

Such is the account of the voyage of the *Rodeur*, as given in this work. The following additional circumstances, connected with this transaction, though there omitted, probably because they illustrated no medical principle, have since been given to the public on very credible authority, and have met with no contradiction:—The captain caused

* The *Leon* has not been since heard of, and, in all probability, was lost.

several of the negroes, who were prevented in the attempt to throw themselves overboard, to be shot and hung, in the hope that the example might deter the rest from a similar conduct. But even this severity proved unavailing; and it became necessary to confine the slaves entirely to the hold during the remainder of the voyage. Upwards of thirty of the slaves who became blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned, upon the principle that, had they been landed at Guadaloupe, no one would have bought them, and the proprietors would consequently have incurred the expense of maintaining them, without the chance of any return. While, by throwing them overboard, not only was this certain loss avoided, but ground was also laid for a claim on the underwriters by whom the cargo had been insured; and who are said to have allowed the claim, and made good the value of the slaves thus destroyed.

O'ER Africa the morning broke,
 And many a negro land reveal'd,
 From Europe's eye and Europe's yoke,
 In nature's inmost heart conceal'd;
 Here rolled the Nile his glittering train
 From Ethiopia to the main;
 And Niger there uncoil'd his length,
 Who hides his fountain and his strength
 Among the realms of noon:
 Casting away their robes of night,
 Forth stood in nakedness of light,
 The mountains of the moon.

Hush'd were the howlings of the wild;
 The leopard in his den lay prone;
 Man, while creation round him smiled,
 Was sad or savage—man alone:
 Down in the dungeons of Algiers,
 The Christian captive woke in tears;
 Caffraria's lean, marauding race
 Prowl'd forth on pillage or the chase;
 In Lybian solitude,
 The Arabian horseman scour'd along;
 The caravan's obstreperous throng
 Their dusty march pursued.

But woe grew frantic in the west;
 A wily rover of the tide
 Had marked the hour of Afric's rest,
 To snatch her children from her side:

At early dawn, to prospering gales,
 The eager seamen stretch their sails;
 The anchor rises from its sleep
 Beneath the rocking of the deep;
 Impatient from the shore
 A vessel steals;—she steals away.
 Mute as the lion with his prey;
 A human prey she bore.

Curs'd was her trade, and contraband,
 Wherefore that keel by guilty stealth
 Fled with the darkness from the strand,
 Laden with living bales of wealth:
 Fair to the eye her streamers play'd
 With undulating light and shade;
 White from her prow the gurgling foam
 Flew backward tow'rd's the negro's home,
 Like his unheeded sighs;
 Sooner that melting foam shall reach
 His inland home, than yonder beach
 Again salute his eyes.

Tongue hath not language to unfold
 The secrets of the space between
 That vessel's flanks—whose dungeon-hold
 Hides what the sun hath never seen;
 Three hundred writhing prisoners there
 Breathe one mephitic blast of air
 From lip to lip; like flame suppress'd,
 It bursts from every tortured breast
 With dreary groans and strong;
 Lock'd side to side, they feel by starts
 The beating of each other's hearts,
 Their breaking, too, ere long.

Light o'er the blue untroubled sea,
 Fancy might deem that vessel held
 Her voyage to eternity,
 By one unchanging breeze impell'd;
 Eternity is in the sky,
 Whose span of distance mocks the eye;

Eternity upon the main,
 The horizon there is sought in vain ;
 Eternity below
 Appears in heaven's reflected face ;
 And on, through everlasting space,
 The unbounded billows flow.

Yet while his wandering bark career'd,
 The master knew with stern delight,
 That full for port her helm was steer'd
 With aim unerring day and night.
 Pirate ! that port thou ne'er shalt hail ;
 Thine eye in search of it shall fail :
 But lo ! thy slaves expire beneath ;
 Haste, bring the wretches forth to breathe ;
 Brought forth—away they spring,
 And headlong in the whelming tide,
 Rescued from thee, their sorrows hide
 Beneath the halcyon's wing.

There came an angel of eclipse,
 Who haunts at times the Atlantic flood,
 And smites with blindness, on their ships,
 The captives and the men of blood :
Here, in the hold, the blight began,
 From eye to eye contagion ran ;
 Sight, as with burning brands, was quench'd ;
 None from the fiery trial blench'd,
 But, panting for release,
 They call'd on Death, who, close behind,
 Summon'd the plague, to lead the blind
 From agony to peace.

That pestilence no power could check ;
 Unseen its withering arrows flew ;
 It walk'd in silence on the deck,
 And smote from stem to stern the crew :
 As glow-worms dwindle in the shade,
 As lamps in charnel-houses fade,
 From every orb, with vision fired,
 In flitting sparks the light retired :

The sufferers saw it go;
 And o'er the ship, the sea, the skies,
 Pursued it with their failing eyes,
 Till all was black below.

A murmur swell'd along the gale;
 All rose, and held their breath to hear;
 All look'd, but none could spy a sail,
 And yet they knew a sail was near:
 "Help! help!" our beckoning sailors cried;
 "Help! help!" a hundred tongues replied:
 Then hideous clamour rent the air,
 Questions and answers of despair:
 Few words the mystery clear'd;
 The plague had found that second bark,
 Where every eye but his was dark,
 Whose hand the vessel steer'd.

He, wild with panic, turn'd away,
 And thence his shrieking comrades bore;
 From either ship the winds convey
 Farewells, that soon are heard no more:
 A calm of horror hush'd the waves;
 Behold them! merchant, seamen, slaves,
 The blind, the dying, and the dead,
 All help, all hope, for ever fled,
 Unseen, yet face to face!
 Woe past, woe present, woe to come,
 Held for a while each victim dumb,
 Impaled upon his place.

It is not in the blood of man
 To crouch ingloriously to fate;
 Nature will struggle while she can;
 Misfortune makes her children great;
 The head which lightning hath laid low,
 Is hallow'd by the noble blow;
 The wretch who yields a felon's breath,
 Emerges from the cloud of death,

A spirit on the storm :
 But virtue, perishing unknown,
 Watch'd by the eye of heaven alone,
 Is earth's least earthly form.

What were the scenes on board that bark ?
 The tragedy which none beheld ?
 When (as the deluge bore the ark),
 By power invisible impell'd,
 The keel went blindfold through the surge,
 Where stream might drift or whirlwind urge :
 Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew,
 And frenzy seized the hardier few,
 Who yet were spared to try
 How everlasting are the pangs,
 When life upon a moment hangs,
 And death stands mocking by.

Imagination's daring glance
 May pierce that veil of mystery,
 As in the rapture of a trance,
 Things which no eye hath seen to see ;
 And hear by fits along the gales,
 Screams, maniac-laughter, hollow wails :
 They stand, they lie, above, beneath,
 Groans of unpitied anguish breathe,
 Tears unavailing shed ;
 Each, in abstraction of despair,
 Seems to himself a hermit there,
 Alive among the dead.

Yet respite—respite from his woes,
 Even here, the conscious sufferer feels ;
 Worn down by torture to repose,
 Slumber the vanish'd world reveals ;
 Ah ! then the eyes, extinct in night,
 Again behold the blessed light ;
 Ah ! then the frame of rack'd disease
 Lays its delighted limbs at ease ;

Swift to his own dear land
 The unfetter'd slave with shouts returns ;
 Hard by, his dreaming tyrant burns
 At sight of Cuba's strand.

To blank reality they wake,
 In darkness opens every eye :
 Peace comes ;—the negro's heart-strings break,
 To him 'tis more than life to die ;
 How feels, how fares the man of blood ?
 In endless exile on the flood,
 Rapt, as though fiends his vessel steer'd,
 Things which he once believed and fear'd,
 Then scorn'd as idle names,
 Death, judgment, conscience, hell conspire
 With thronging images of fire,
 To light up guilt in flames.

Who cried for mercy in that hour,
 And found it on the desert sea ?
 Who to the utmost grasp of power,
 Wrestled with life's last enemy ?
 Who, Marius-like, defying fate,
 (Marius on fallen Carthage), sate ?
 Who, through a hurricane of fears,
 Clung to the hopes of future years ?
 And who, with heart unquail'd,
 Look'd from time's trembling precipice
 Down on eternity's abyss,
 Till brain and footing fail'd ?

Is there among this crew not one,
 One whom a widow'd mother bare,
 Who mourns far off her only son,
 And pours for him her soul in prayer ?
 Even now—when o'er his soften'd thought
 Remembrance of her love is brought,
 To soothe death's agony, and dart
 A throb of comfort through his heart—

Even now a mystic knell
 Sounds through *her* pulse—she lifts her eye,
 Sees a pale spirit passing by,
 And hears *his* voice—"farewell."

Mother and son shall meet no more :
 The floating tomb of its own dead,
 That ship shall never reach a shore ;
 But far from track of seamen led,
 The sun shall watch it day by day,
 Careering on its lonely way :
 Month after month, the moon shine pale
 On fallen mast and riven sail ;
 The stars, from year to year,
 Mark the bulged flank, and sunken deck,
 Till not an atom of the wreck
 On ocean's face appear.

LUSHINGTON.

THOU, too, the brunt of war didst nobly bear,
 Amidst the scorn and obloquy of men ;
 To pilot freedom's barque thy constant care,
 And to her drooping cause fresh converts gain.
 Rich is thy conquest ! not o'er bleeding slain—
 No captive hosts thy dreaded nod await ;
 The grateful slave, *made free*, adorns thy train,
 Released from tyranny's oppressive weight,
 And by more wholesome laws, raised from his low estate.

Rich is thy conquest—but there lie beyond
 The confines of thy country *still more* slaves,
 Tortured and torn by fell oppression's bond,
 And sent untutored to untimely graves.
 O ! tell the world that Britain's ensign waves,
 A signal fraught with *universal* joy ;
 That whilst from bondage she her children saves,
 She vows her nerve and treasure to employ
 In *every* clime the sin of slavery to destroy !

These maxims in the nation's council tell ;
 By thy forensic eloquence sustained,
 They, with heaven's blessing, shall dissolve that spell
 That "Christian" nations has so long enchained,
 That night of darkness which too long hath reigned ;
 Thine be this atmosphere of death to clear,
 Consistent, zealous, faithful to the end ;
 So shall this record on thy tomb appear,
 "The negro's advocate and friend *in peace* lies here !"

A.

PRAISE FOR THE DELIVERER OF THE OPPRESSED.

"PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, Lord !"

The earth, the sky, the sea
 Shall ring responsive to the chord
 Of heavenly minstrelsy,
 When forth shall go thy mighty Word,
 That sets the captive free.

Kings are deceitful, statesmen vain,
 Senates a baseless trust ;
 Much reckon they on gold and gain,
 Little on what is just ;
 Their thoughts return to air again,
 Their bodies to the dust.

We pass them by as idle things,
 Like foam upon the wave ;
 We turn to Thee, O King of kings,
 Thou, who alone canst save ;
 The hand, the dead to life that brings,
 Shall liberate the slave.

"Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord !
 To thee vows paid shall be,"
 All lands their increase shall afford
 An offering unto thee,
 When home the exile is restored,
 And when the earth is free.

JAMES DOUGLAS, Esq.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

There is in Georgia an association for the religious instruction of the negroes. From their seventh annual report, we extract the following :—
 “ There is a growing interest in the community in the religious instruction of the negroes. There is a conviction that religious instruction promotes the *quiet* and *order* of the people, and the pecuniary interest of the owners.”

This instruction is given without teaching them to read, and the doctrines of non-resistance, forgiveness of injuries, &c., which form a prominent part, are thought well calculated for the great ends above alluded to.

Conformable to this, we see, in the Southern papers, advertisements recommending individual slaves, or sometimes a lot, as *pious*, or *members of churches*. Lately we saw one advertised who, among other qualifications, was described as a Baptist preacher. In Mahometan countries, a slave, by embracing the religion of his master, becomes by law a free-man. In America, the *Christian* slaveholder proclaims the religion of his bondsman in order to increase his value in the auction mart.

Two very striking illustrations of the fact, that Christian brotherhood purchases no immunity for the bondsman, are presented in this country at the present time.

Two ministers of the gospel, whose pulpit services have been acceptable both here and in the Northern United States, are fugitives from Southern slavery. One of them, the Rev. H. H. Garnett, is still *legally the slave* of an owner in Maryland; should he now return to his congregation in the State of New York, according to the recent Fugitive Slave Law, his master could seize him in his very pulpit, or while ministering at the table of the Lord; could drag him before a commissioner, prove his identity, and then put him up at auction in a Southern mart, or work him under the lash, far away from wife, family, church, and Christian friends; denying him even the reading of the Word of God, if his cruelty or caprice so dictated.

The second illustration is the Rev. Dr. Pennington, on whom a degree in divinity was lately conferred by a German university.

Happily, English gold has purchased for this gentleman the privilege of using his own faculties of mind and body, both of which are made over to him by a bill of sale of a doctor of divinity!

Should such things be? not if such sale concedes to the owner the right of holding property in *man*.

Thus saith the Lord :—“ For the transgression of Israel, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they sold the righteous for silver.”

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
 Who bids for God's own image? for His grace,
 Which that poor victim of the market-place,
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God ! can such things be !
 Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
 Unto Thy weaker and Thy humblest one,
 Is even done to Thee ?

In that sad victim, then,
 Child of thy pitying love I see thee stand,
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking hand,
 Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !
 Wet with her blood your whips, o'ertask her frame,
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail !

A *heathen* hand might deal
 Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,
 But *her* low, broken prayer, and nightly tears,
 Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
 Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave
 No dangerous tale of Him who came to seek and save
 The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
 Of God's *free* gospel from her simple heart,
 And to her darken'd mind alone impart
 One stern command, "OBEY."

So shalt thou deftly raise
 The market-price of human flesh ; and while
 On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,
 Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell,
 From northern pulpits, how the work was blest,
 While in that vile south Sodom, first and last,
 Thy poor disciples sell !

O, shame ! the Moslem thrall,
 Who with his master to the prophet kneels,
 While turning to the sacred *Kebla* feels
 His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis ! he hath torn
The dark slave dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.

But *our* poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—
Its rights will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right ! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong !

O, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell
And coffle's weary chain,

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long—O God, how long ?

WHITTIER.

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

The opposition of a large body of the American clergy to *all* abolition movements, is to us extremely curious and unaccountable ; but not to dwell on the occurrences of 1835, when an indignant invective was poured forth, we take for illustration the conduct of a large number of the Northern clergy, in 1850, in reference to the Fugitive Slave Law. This law requires, under heavy penalties, that the citizens of the Free States shall not only refuse food and shelter to a hunted, starving human being, suspected of no crime but that of endeavouring to gain his freedom, but if called on by the authorities, he is commanded to assist in sending him back to hopeless slavery.

Numerous indignant protests have issued from the Northern press against this tyrannical edict ; nevertheless the advocates for submission are also numerous, and among them very many of the most distinguished and most popular of the clergy.

By these the solemn day of thanksgiving, in 1851, was made use of

to preach the duty of enforcing this law, and, in doing so, all that is sacred in heaven and earth, God, Christ, and his apostles, the Bible, Christianity, and patriotism, have been blasphemously paraded in support of slavery, and in justification of obedience to this concentration of infernal cruelty.

"What effect," asked the Right Rev. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, "had the Bible in doing away with slavery? *None whatever.*" If by one prayer he could liberate every slave in the world, Dr. Gardiner Spring assures his hearers he would not dare to offer it.

The Rev. W. M. Rogers, an orthodox minister of Boston, affirms—If this resistance to the carrying out the Fugitive Slave Law should lead the magistracy to call the citizens to arms, their duty was to obey, and "if ordered to take human life, in the name of God to take it."

The Rev. Orville Dewey, a distinguished Unitarian divine, declares that he would send his own brother or child into slavery, if needed to preserve the Union between the free and the slaveholding States. This preservation of the Union is the Moloch to which every better feeling is to be sacrificed, and for the sake of it the Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover, one of the most distinguished theologians in the States, forgets his knowledge of the sacred volume so far as to aver, that "though we may pity the fugitive, yet the Mosaic law does not authorize the rejection of the claims of the slaveholders to their stolen property."

Were this true, it proves nothing against Christianity; but the following text shows how much the assertion maligns the Hebrew prophet:—"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in the place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him" (Deut. xxiii. 15).

May we not say of such men, "they build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity." Yet they lean upon the Lord, and say, "Is not the Lord among us? None evil can come upon us."

Just God! and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of Light!

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast—fettering down
The task'd and plunder'd slave!

Pilate and Herod friends !
 Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine !
 Just God and holy ! is that church which lends
 Strength to the spoiler, Thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
 Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
 Of those high words of truth which search and burn
 In warning and rebuke !

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
 And, in your tassel'd pulpits, thank the Lord
 That from the toiling bondman's utter need
 Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long
 Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
 And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong
 At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretch'd forth
 Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?
 Shall not the living God of all the earth,
 And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
 Their brethren of a common Father down !
 To all who plunder from th' immortal mind
 Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe
 To those whose hire is with the price of blood,
 Perverting, darkening, changing as they go
 The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
 Shall perish, and their very names shall be
 Vile before all the people, in the light
 Of a world's liberty.

O ! speed the moment on,
 When wrong shall cease, and liberty, and love,
 And truth, and right throughout the earth be known,
 As in their home above.

WHITTIER.

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

We do not know enough of abolition biography to say whether the heroine of this poem is a real or a fictitious character; but, much as the Southern states are debased by slavery, they can boast of several who have acted thus nobly.

Among the leading abolitionists, in 1835, were Sarah and Angelina Grimke, daughters of the late Judge Grimke, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and sisters of the late Honourable Thomas S. Grimke. Living in a slave state, they had been awakened to the sinfulness of holding property in man; and at once concluded that repentance was the only remedy for sin. Their father's death left them in possession of some property—principally, we believe, in negroes. They at once removed to Pennsylvania, and set their slaves at liberty. By this step they gave offence to their mother, who still survived, lost caste with their former friends, and reduced themselves to comparative poverty.

We find them, soon after, in the ranks of the American Anti-slavery Society, pleading for those in bonds, and honoured with the contumely of the pro-slavery world.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls,
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save,
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
 In decent poverty,
 She makes her life one sweet record
 And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
 To break the iron bands
 Of those who waited in her hall,
 And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
 Their outbound sails have sped,
 While she, in meek humility,
 Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
 That clothe her with such grace;
 Their blessing is the light of peace
 That shines upon her face.

LONGFELLOW.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Twenty years ago, there was external quiet on the subject of slavery in the United States, yet clear-sighted persons saw that some great change must take place ere long, for a scheme was under trial for removing the obnoxious part of the negro population to Africa. The Colonization Society, formed for this purpose, exasperated the free blacks by the prospect of exile; it engaged the attention of those who hated slavery, and thus gave rise to the abolitionists, whose cardinal principle is this—"Slavery is a sin, and should be immediately abandoned."

Hence abolition societies. The course of events leading to such disgraceful scenes as that alluded to in these *Stanzas for the Times*, may be thus stated: the abolitionists are at first ridiculed as a handful of insignificant fanatics; then the merchants begin to be alarmed for their purses; the clergy and professional men act and speak for the merchant interest, and engage the authorities to discountenance the movement. This the magistrates do by threatening penal laws, or uttering warnings of mobs. A mob ensues, of course; the apprehensions of the magistracy furnishing the broadest hint.

Such seems to have been the process in every State disgraced by an anti-abolition riot. Mrs. Child said long ago, "that this evil spirit has so long intimately possessed the nation, we cannot expect that it should be cast out without much rending and tearing."

The disgraceful meeting in Faneuil Hall for the suppression of free-

dom of speech, lest it should endanger the commercial relations with the South, may be considered as one of those renderings.

And these are the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers!

“How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed”
(Lam. iv. 1).

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toil'd to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
With craven soul and fetter'd lip?
Yoke in with mark'd and branded slaves,
And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged nature cease to feel?
Shall mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow,
Turn back the spirit roused to save
The truth, our country, and the *slave*?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall mercy's bosom cease to swell?
Shall honour bleed? shall truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and *soul* be dumb?

No, by each spot of haunted ground,
Where freedom weeps her children's fall,
By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound,
By Griswold's stain'd and shatter'd wall,
By Warren's ghost, by Langdon's shade,
By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set,
 By the free pilgrim spirit nurs'd
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,
 By all above, around, below,
 Be ours the indignant answer—NO !

No, guided by our country's laws,
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,
 Be ours to strive in freedom's cause,
 As Christians *may*, as freemen *can* !
 Still pouring on unwilling ears
 That truth oppression only fears.

What ! shall we guard our neighbour still,
 While *woman* shrieks beneath his rod,
 And while he tramples down at will
 The image of a common God !
 Shall watch and ward be round him set
 Of northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him
 The danger and the open shame ?
 And see our freedom's light grow dim,
 Which should have filled the world with flame ?
 And, writhing, feel where'er we turn
 A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is't not enough that this is borne ?
 And asks our haughty neighbour more ?
 Must fetters which his slaves have worn
 Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?
 Must *he* be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and *when*, and *how* ?

Must *he* be told, his freedom stands
 On slavery's dark foundations strong,
 On breaking heart and fetter'd hands,
 On robbery, and crime, and wrong ;
 That all his fathers taught is vain,
 That freedom's emblem is the chain ?

Its life, its soul, from *slavery* drawn?
 False, foul, profane! Go, teach as well
 Of holy truth from falsehood born!
 Of heaven refresh'd by airs from hell!
 Of virtue nursed by open vice!
 Of demons planting paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South,"
 Ye shall not hear the truth the less,
 No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
 No fetter on the Yankee's press!
 From our green mountains to the sea
 One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!

WHITTIER.

It is melancholy, in reading those spirited stanzas, to remember that the degrading position of the Free States, which the poet declares is not to be thought of, has been actually realized since the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which turned the whole extent of the United States into one vast hunting-ground, and obliges every one of the free citizens to assist in the slave-hunt, if required.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN BOSTON.

The Female Anti-Slavery Society in Boston was composed of women of every rank and every religious sect, as well as of all complexions. Sectarian jealousy was lost in the great cause; and these women, from the day of their association, preserved not only harmony, but strong mutual affection, while differing on matters of opinion as freely and almost as widely as if they had kept within the bosom of their respective sects. "Upon these heroic women was the responsibility thrown of vindicating the liberty of free discussion in Boston, in 1835, and nobly they sustained it." In a brief notice, it is quite impossible to give any idea of the persecutions undergone by them. Men of influence, of education, and of great religious profession, had the baseness to combine for the purpose of awing them into silence and inactivity. Reproach, ridicule, even personal intimidation, were resorted to; and while, in other *charitable* and *philanthropic* institutions, the active exertions of the *softer sex* were considered praiseworthy, in the *anti-slavery cause* they were pronounced *indelicate*, *unfeminine*, and *unsuited to woman's natural sphere of influence*.

The following picture of the state of female humanity at the South may assist us in determining the justice of these ideas. It is extracted from a pastoral letter of the general association of Massachusetts, pub-

lished at the period here referred to. "One million of wretched women at the South (*the slaves*) lying at the absolute disposal of others, to be flogged, bought, and sold, or treated with yet more dreadful indignity, their family relations utterly set at nought, the very suckling torn from its mother at will, the husband compelled to scourge the wife of his bosom, should caprice so dictate." This is fearful, but not less so the fact that, in the same region, "are fifty thousand women (*free*) ready to buckle on the armour of their brethren *the slave-masters*, and to do battle for the maintenance of these heart-rending practices."

It is gratifying to be able to add, that the persecution to which the anti-slavery women in Boston were subjected, utterly failed in its object; that amongst the abolitionists some of the most highly gifted, devoted, and indefatigable are these very women; and that to them is due much of the success which has been hitherto achieved, in securing for the cause a respectful hearing, in bringing it prominently before the public, and in removing to some extent the cruel prejudice by which the unhappy people of colour are outraged and oppressed.

UNSHRINKING from the storm,

Well have ye borne your part,
With woman's fragile form,

But more than manhood's heart !
Faithful to freedom, when

Its name was held accursed,
Faithful, 'midst ruffian men,
Unto your holy trust.

O, steadfast in the truth !

Not for yourselves alone,
Matron and gentle youth,
Your lofty zeal was shown :
For the bondman of all climes,
For freedom's last abode,
For the hope of future times,
For the birthright gift of God.

For scorn'd and broken laws,
For honour and the right,
For the staked and peril'd cause
Of liberty and light ;
For the holy eyes above
On a world of evil cast,
For the children of your love,
For the mothers of the past !

Worthy of them are ye,
 The pilgrim wives who dared
 The waste and unknown sea,
 And the hunter's perils shared.
 Worthy of her* whose mind,
 Triumphant over all,
 Ruler nor priest could bind,
 Nor banishment appal.

Worthy of her † who died
 Martyr of freedom, where
 Your "common's" verdant pride
 Opens to sun and air :
 Upheld at that dread hour
 By strength which could not fail ;
 Before whose holy power
 Bigot and priest turn'd pale.

God give ye strength to run,
 Unawed by earth or hell,
 The race ye have begun
 So gloriously and well ;
 Until the trumpet-call
 Of freedom has gone forth,
 With joy and life to all
 The bondmen of the earth !

Until immortal mind
 Unshackled walks abroad,
 And chains no longer bind
The image of our God !
 Until no captive one
 Murmurs on land or wave,
 And, in his course, the sun
 Looks down upon no slave !

* Mrs. Hutchinson, who was banished from the Massachusetts colony, as the easiest method of confuting her doctrine.

† Mary Dyer, the Quaker martyr, who was hanged in Boston, in 1659, for worshipping God according to the dictates of her own conscience.

LINES TO THE EMANCIPATED NEGRO.

HUMANITY had sad, long vigils kept,
 She watch'd and pray'd, she ponder'd, sighed, and wept;
 Then call'd her sons, with animating strain,
 To break, poor negro, thy tremendous chain;
 Truth from her canopy of living light,
 Flew to thy succour with resistless might;
 And eloquence, from her commanding throne,
 The senate mov'd, and made thy griefs her own;
 Loudly o'er thy unmeasur'd wrongs and woes,
 From countless tongues indignant murmurs rose,
 Till sunk thy tyrants in the stubborn strife,
 And blest wert thou with liberty and life.

Ah! who shall tell the rapture of that hour,
 That rais'd thee from oppression's lawless power;
 When taught that colour was no longer crime,
 Thou hailed'st the dawn of freedom's day sublime;
 When bounding from thy dungeon of despair,
 And vivified by hope's inspiring air,
 'Twas thine, with new-born energy, to scan
 The duties and high destinies of man;
 To feel thy social station, and to prize
 The sacred rights of dear domestic ties;
 Cheer'd with the earnings of rewarded toil,
 To turn with willing arm the stubborn soil;
 And own, with grateful heart, the bounteous hand
 Which scatters plenty o'er the smiling land.

Proud England, styled the great, the brave, the free,
 Queen of the isles, and consort of the sea,
 Has tarnish'd, with thy wrongs, her splendid name,
 And sullied her imperial robes with shame;
 Though late, repentance in her bosom now
 Dims her stern eye, and clouds her lofty brow;
 Though she with lavish gifts, and high command,
 Has borne thee bleeding from the oppressor's hand;
 Yet need the righteous of the land combine
 To plead for pardon for a nation's crime;

To aid thee with their prayers,—with patient pains,
 To raise thee burden'd with thy mental chains :
 Show thee by mild example's steady force,
 The charms of virtue's unrepenting course ;
 The joys from peace and temperance obtain'd ;
 The good from industry and order gain'd ;
 That useful well-directed knowledge leads,
 To guiltless pleasures, and to noble deeds ;
 And bring those sacred truths before thine eye,
 Which teach us how to live and how to die.

Ah ! may the holy unction from above,
 Refresh thy humble heart with peace and love ;
 Reveal the visions of that faith sublime,
 Which triumphs o'er the fleeting things of time ;
 Unfold the treasures of the sacred page,
 Confirm its truth ; and strengthen thee to wage
 The war of righteousness within thy heart,
 And choose the narrow way, and better part ;
 Guard thee from harm in life's propitious day,
 And cheer thee in its dangers and dismay ;
 Control thy will, thy wayward passions calm,
 And pour in every wound a healing balm.
 When thou art ready, may sweet mercy come,
 To lead thee to thy bright and blessed home ;
 And then may thy rejoicing spirit see,
 The love that has redeem'd and ransom'd thee ;
 A sinless kingdom, and a cloudless day,
 Where God Himself has wiped all tears away.

W. C.

POEM,

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF A SCENE ON THE AFRICAN COAST,
 PAINTED BY BIARD.

BEHOLD the slave mart ! See where Afric offers
 Her very sinews for the strangers' gold ;
 Here, that her ruthless chiefs may fill their coffers,
 Honour, and wealth, and strength, and peace are sold.

Alas, poor Africa! no more thy waters

Reflect the light that once gleamed from thy shore;
Shrouded in ignorance, thy sable daughters
Bear thee no sages, as in days of yore.

Where are the cities once thy floods adorning?

Where are thy kingdoms populous and fair?
Heathens and Christians, death and danger scorning,
Thy Hannibals, and thy Augustines, where?

Genius forsakes thee: art no more reveres thee;

Freedom forgets to lift her radiant head;
Religion trembles, as her votary nears thee,
Thee, to whose arms an infant Saviour fled.

Security no longer in thy borders,

Gladdens the labour of the sons of toil;
They have no hope that they shall find rewarders,
And sit inactive on the uncultured soil.

Their burning villages, alas! remind them

That none is near to pity or to save,
That the fell blood-hounds soon shall track and find them,
And dark sails bear them friendless o'er the wave.

Report has told them of the torturing scourges,

The galling yoke, the brand, the iron chain;
And they have fondly chanted funeral dirges,
For sons and brothers happiest with the slain.

Ah! who the tale of horror shall unravel,

Of each poor wretch, ere the dread march be done?
No need of way-marks in the coast-bound travel,
For human bones there whiten in the sun!

And who shall tell how dark a cloud hangs o'er them,

Who closely packed, in the huge slave-ship lie?
What dreadful visions ceaseless rise before them,
With calm, or chase, or storm-denouncing sky!

Closed hatchways many a bitter wail must smother,

A thousand deaths the hopeless captives know,
Ere grief and sickness, vying with each other,
Snap the frail thread, and let the spirit go.

Life ! thou art sweet : God's mercy doth bestow thee ;
 But the poor slave, that sets his foot ashore,
 Feels thee most bitter, and would fain forego thee,
 Without the hope of life for evermore.

O Afric ! who with guilt and wrongs art laded,
 Thy foes are from without and from within ;
 They who should pity, leave thee more degraded,
 And say, " The cup is thine for Canaan's sin."

Do they not know, in Israel's persecution,
 When stricken sorely, for her sins were ripe,
 The nations met a sevenfold retribution,
 Because they went beyond the destined stripe ?

And what shall be their curse, who, while pretending
 No dread commission from the Judge above,
 The bonds of brotherhood are fiercely rending,
 And trampling on Christ's new commandment, love !

Is there no sister nation, then, to reach thee
 A kindly hand ; no pitying eye to scan ?
 Are there no Christian hearts and tongues to teach thee,
 Of peace on earth, and of good-will to man ?

Did I say, *Christian* ? Ah, that glance indignant,
 That thrill of horror through yon swarthy frame,
 To Afric's ear, the hallowed word is pregnant
 With crimes her untaught children blush to name.

How many a tyrant, 'neath its shelter vaunting,
 Shall tremble when he comes death's hour to meet ;
 And in the unerring scale of truth found wanting,
 Envy the slave that crouches at his feet ?

But are there none with thy debasers pleading,
 By sympathy for all thy wrongs made bold,
 Who dare, or praise, or calumny, unheeding,
 Rouse them to shame for their ill-gotten gold ?

Yes ; there are still a few, whose hearts made tender
 With their great Master's love, thy wounds can feel,
 Whose virtuous indignation bids them render
 Freely for thee their labour and their zeal.

Yes ; men are found of the pale Christian strangers,
 To hold their lives less dear than charity,
 To brave the pestilence and thousand dangers,
 And fall sad victims to their love for thee.

And some, while yet they stand in hope abounding,
 And as a rock confront the boisterous wave,
 Behold iniquity's dark surge surrounding,
 Prompt to engulf them and the souls they save ;

What if the storm about them fiercely rages,
 The smile of heaven looks down amid the gloom ;
 Their fortress shall remain to after-ages,
 And days to come shall know oppression's doom.

As when the fisher sees the *glory* beaming
 O'er the broad waves to herald in the morn,
 I mark e'en now a ray of beauty streaming,
 And hope with pinions brightening in the dawn.

Yes ; faith beholds revealed in vision glorious,
 The days when all earth's children shall be free ;
 Sees gospel truth o'er every land victorious,
 Extending holy peace from sea to sea.

But ah ! though bright, alas ! too brief the vision ;
 To present miseries thought recoils again,
 To all the fearful dangers of our mission,
 To all the horrors of the unbroken chain.

Stand fast, then, little rock, amid the ocean,
 Thy base made firm on truth's eternal ground ;
 Till God see meet to calm the whirlwind's motion,
 And still the waves that compass thee around.

Nor let us idly press our downy pillows ;
 But learning of the coral's insect band,
 Labour to form, beneath contending billows,
 Works where new ramparts yet shall nobly stand.

We want no swords, no vessels charged with thunder,
 Satan's own force by Satan to oppose ;
 'Tis knowledge, truth, and love must burst asunder
 Our brother's chains, and turn to friends their foes.

The ranks which God has for himself provided,
 Yield sole obedience to the eternal mind;
 And none but armies by such leader guided,
 Can rescue Africa, and save mankind.

England! some deeds of love thou proudly showest;
 Hast from thy skirts washed some foul stains away;
 The sweets of freedom for thy sons thou knowest;
 O! rest not till all nations own her sway.

Let all thy children who have learned to falter
 The heart's deep prayer, for Afric bend the knee,
 Thy ministers between the porch and altar,
 Weep till thy robe from Afric's blood is free.

Till blessings from her everlasting mountains,
 Descend in streams upon her sandy shore;
 Till freely watered by eternal fountains,
 Her peaceful plains afford the world their store.

Haste, promised day! upon the hill-tops leaping,
 Smile on the earth and chase the clouds above,
 That tearful sowers may have joyful reaping,
 And all mankind unite in songs of love!

E. M.

MISSIONARY EXERTIONS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn,
 The heathen, in their blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's reign!
 We hear his heralds call,
 He comes, to rule on earth again,
 O crown him Lord of all.

Ye children of each realm and clime,
 Sad sufferers from the fall,
 Come, hail the glorious gospel time,
 Crown Jesus Lord of all.

Ye children torn from Afric's shore,
 Hear now the Saviour's call,
 The great Redeemer's grace adore,
 And crown him Lord of all.

From wild Morocco's burning sands,
 And from the Caffre's kraal,
 Arise, ye tribes of Afric's lands,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Where India's sun glares dazzling bright,
 To China's ancient wall,
 Let Asia's children all unite
 To crown him Lord of all.

Where heathen darkness spreads its night,
 And bloody rites appal,
 There bless the Saviour's coming light,
 And crown him Lord of all.

No more shall superstition reign,
 The Dagon's now shall fall,
 Ye realms be freed from error's chain,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Wherever shines the lamp of day,
 Or twinkles stars so small,
 There raise to Christ the ceaseless lay,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Wide as the world thine ample sway,
 Thy kingdom over all,
 We hail with joy the hast'ning day
 To crown thee Lord of all.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

ADDRESSED BY A FATHER IN DEMERARA, TO HIS CHILDREN IN
 ENGLAND.

SWEET children mine! I think of ye
 Over the wide and boundless sea,
 In lands where spring perpetual reigns,
 And the sweet cane adorns the plains,
 Where giant forests rear their heads,
 And mountain torrents scoop their beds;

Where flowers of every form and hue
 Unfold their beauties to the view,
 And fruits of most delicious taste,
 Offer a cool and rich repast ;
 Where birds of every wing display
 Their varied plumage to the day,
 And the bright firefly's vivid light,
 Illumes and cheers the darkest night ;
 Where the proud Indian stalks the woods,
 Majestic as his native floods ;
 And the poor negro toils away
 A wretched life from day to day.
 They say that he's no more a slave,
 That England's generous, just, and brave,
 Has broke his chains, and bid him stand
 Upon his feet, erect and grand ;
 They little know, that fettered bound,
 In slavery yet, he tills the ground ;
 And oft in anguish mourns the day
 That left him thus a tyrant's prey.

* * * * *

Sweet children mine ! think of the slave,
 Who, from his birth hour to his grave,
 Is doomed to sorrow, toil, and pain,
 The scouring whip, the galling chain :
 And when your hearts with pity move,
 That man the foe of man should prove ;
 O, let your prayers to heaven ascend,
 To Him who is the sufferer's friend,
 That he would interpose and break
 The iron yoke from every neck !

ANON.

THE WITNESSES.

Among various elucidations of this poem, we select the following from the *Louisville Courier*:—

The steamer *Lucy Walker* exploded, in the autumn of 1844, on the Ohio, about five miles below Louisville, when a slave-dealer, named Ford, who had forty full-grown slaves on board, perished, with about ten other white men.

When the bodies were drawn up from the wreck, Ford, having perished with his victims, was found with his neck twisted into the chain that bound together the unfortunate negroes—the tyrant and slave involved in one common doom!

In ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves!
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the witnesses!"

Within earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright,
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the witnesses!"

LONGFELLOW.

SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Calling at a blacksmith's shop, for a small job of work, I found the smith was a slave. On inquiring to whom I should make payment, he told me I might to him. His practice was to receive all the money paid at the shop, and pay it over to his master at night. I asked him how his master knew whether he rendered a just account. He replied, that he knew him too well not to trust him; that, as wrong as his master did by him, it was no excuse for him to do wrong by his master. He could deceive his master, but he could not deceive God, to whom he must render his final account. He said he was a Baptist, and had regular family prayers. His master was a Presbyterian, to whom he gave credit for good usage and good training: but, as he had faithfully served him fifty years, he did think that he ought to have the remainder of his days to himself. He regretted that he could not read the Bible; and I was pained to hear him attempt to quote it, he made such sad blunders. Tears started in the eyes of the poor man as he spoke of his hard condition, and looked forward to death only for release from his bondage. He thanked God that he had no children to inherit his ignorance and servitude. I pitied the poor man from the bottom of my heart, while I was delighted with his correct principle and honest simplicity.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !
 He, a negro and enslaved,
 Sang of Israel's victory,
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
 Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist.
 In a voice so sweet and clear
 That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
 Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
 When upon the Red Sea coast
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
 Filled my soul with strange emotion;
 For its tones by turns were glad,
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
 Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,

And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks *his* dungeon-gates at night ?

LONGFELLOW.

ODE,

Sung at the celebration of the First Anniversary of the kidnapping, at Boston, of Thomas Sims, a fugitive slave:—the kidnapping done under the forms of law, and by its officers, June 12, 1851. The deed *celebrated* at the Melodeon, Boston, June 12, 1852.

SOULS of the patriot dead,
On Bunker's height who bled !
 The pile, that stands
On your long-buried bones,
Those monumental stones,
Should not suppress the groans,
 This day demands.

For freedom there ye stood ;
There gave the earth your blood ;
 There found your graves ;
That men of every clime,
Faith, colour, tongue, and time,
Might, through your death sublime,
 Never be slaves.

Over your bed, so low,
Heard ye not, long ago,
 A voice of power *
Proclaim to earth and sea,
That where ye sleep, should be
A home for liberty,
 Till time's last hour ?

* Daniel Webster's oration, at the laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825.

Hear ye the chains of slaves,
Now clanking round your graves?

Hear ye the sound
Of that same voice, that calls
From out our senate halls,*
“Hunt down those fleeing thralls,
With horse and hound!”

That voice your sons hath swayed!
'Tis heard, and is obeyed!

This gloomy day
Tells you of ermine stained,
Of justice' name profaned,
Of a poor bondman, chained
And borne away!

Over Virginia's springs,
Her eagles spread their wings,
Her Blue Ridge towers:
That voice,† once heard with awe,
Now asks, “Who ever saw,
Up there, a higher law
Than this of ours?”

Must *we* obey that voice?
When God, or man's the choice,
Must we postpone
HIM, who from Sinai spoke?
Must we wear slavery's yoke?
Bear of her lash the stroke,
And prop her throne?

Lashed with her hounds, must we
Run down the poor, who flee
From slavery's hell?
Great God! when we *do* this,
Exclude us from thy bliss;
At us let angels hiss,
From heaven that fell!

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

* Daniel Webster's speech in the Senate of the U. States, March 7, 1850.

† Daniel Webster's speech at the Capron Springs, Virginia, 1851.

“LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE.”

A cry is heard ! a piercing cry
 Thrills through the brave and free !
 Britons, arise ! her foes defy,
 The foes of liberty.

Where is the promised freedom ? where ?
 Let British slaves proclaim ;
 Their sighs and groanings will declare
 'Twas but an empty name.

List to the Afric mother's wail,
 Wafted across the sea !
 Read, and weep o'er the melting tale
 Of human misery.

Can you not weep with those who weep ?
 Have you no tears for woe ?
 Let not your better feelings sleep,
 When sympathy should flow.

Rouse ye, and break the massive chain,
 The fetter'd slave that binds :
 And check the sorrow and the pain,
 The wretched negro finds.

Rest not, until the tyrant's hand,
 Reeking with human gore,
 Shall prostrate fall, and every land
 Shall feel the scourge no more.

How long shall Britain slumb'ring be ?
 Awake ! the nation's voice,
 And say to the oppressed, " Go free !"
 That Afric's sons with liberty
 For ever may rejoice.

J. R.

WARNING TO SLAVEHOLDERS.

The poet Savage, in one of his pieces, makes Public Spirit, personified, utter the following warning to the oppressors of the Africans of a day of retribution:—

LED, by my specious name, as tyrants rise,
And cry, while they enslave, they civilise,
Know, Liberty and I are still the same,
Congenial—ever mingling flame with flame.
Why must I Afric's sable children see
Vended for slaves, though born by nature free?
The nameless tortures cruel minds invent,
Those to subject whom Nature equal meant?

If these you dare (although unjust success
Empowers you now, unpunished, to oppress),
Revolving empire you and yours may doom—
(Rome all subdued, but Vandals vanquished Rome)—
Yes, empire may revolt—give them the day;
And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. THOMAS BRYER, LATE OF
GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BY A YOUNG NEGRESS, EIGHTEEN
YEARS OF AGE.

THE shepherd sleeps! His work is done;
His Maker has recall'd his breath;
Th' appointed combat he has won,
And now he sleeps the sleep of death.
The shepherd sleeps in realms of rest,
Where death's cold hand no more can sever
The happy spirits of the blest:
The shepherd sleeps, and sleeps for ever.

The shepherd sleeps ! in vain we mourn ;
 Can human tears restore his breath ?
 The shepherd never will return,
 For ah ! he sleeps the sleep of death !
 The shepherd sleeps ! no longer weep—
 His spirit's fled unto the Giver ;
 In Jesus' name he's fall'n asleep,
 And there he'll calmly sleep for ever.

The shepherd sleeps ! Let praise employ
 His weeping widow's silent breath.
 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
 Although he sleeps the sleep of death.
 The shepherd sleeps ! By young and old,
 His precepts be forgotten never :
 May sheep be added to the fold,
 Although the shepherd sleeps for ever !

M. ROGERS.

“For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.”

(Rev. T. Bryer's last text.)

To him to live was Christ, to die was gain ;
 Either he wished for, either would sustain :
 He showed submission to his Father's will,
 In Christ his Saviour's merits trusting still.
 When he discoursed on the foregoing text,
 Who thought of hearing of his death the next ?
 When Williams's * decease he did deplore,
 Who thought that Bryer soon would be no more ?
 Alas ! the Lord was pleased to take away
 His spirit from its tenement of clay,
 And called him from this world of pain and care,
 To taste salvation in a hopeful sphere.

* He preached the funeral sermon for the Rev. Mr. Williams, a clergyman, from the above words, only a fortnight before his lamentable death. For a more full account of the Rev. T. Bryer, see a funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Jones, his late rector, of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.

His scattered sheep severely felt his loss,
 They knew not yet what 'tis to bear the cross;
 May God from Satan's thralldom set them free,
 And let them serve no other God but He.
 Of his bereaved widow shall I tell,
 Or on her sorrows and her sufferings dwell?
 O! may the praise of God her hours employ,
 He'll make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
 Soon for her native land she will embark:
 May she be kept in Christ the living ark,
 May favouring gales and playful zephyrs rise,
 And waft her back in safety to the skies!

M. ROGERS.

DEATH IN LIFE.

SUPPOSED INSCRIPTION UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF A NEGRO SLAVE,
 WHO, FOR SOME IMAGINED CRIME, HAD BEEN IMMURED HALF
 A CENTURY IN A DUNGEON.

OPE, jealous portal! ope thy cavern womb,
 Thy pris'ner will not flee its close embrace;
 He lived and moved too long within a tomb,
 Beyond its narrow bounds to dream of space.

To eat his crust and muse, unvarying lot!
 Thus, like his beard, his life slow lengthening grew;
 So long shut out, the world the wretch forgot,
 His cell his universe, 'twas all he knew.

For memory soon with loving pinions wheeled
 In circles narrowing each successive flight;
 Her sickly wings at length enfeebled yield,
 Too weak to scale the walls that bound his sight.

But hope sat with him once, and cheered his day;
 And raised his limbs, and kept his lamp alight;
 Scared by his groans, at length she fled away;
 And left him lone, to spend one endless night.

What change to him, then, is the vault below,
 From that where late the captive was confined?
 But this, a worm *here* eats his body now;
 Whilst *there* it gnawed his slow decaying mind.

E. BUTTON.

SONNET.

Amongst the champions of the anti-slavery cause in the United States, there are few to whom it is more indebted than to Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, the authoress of the two following sonnets, and some other pieces. Shortly after her marriage with the late Henry Grafton Chapman, an eminent Boston merchant, and whilst yet a very young woman, this lady became acquainted with Mr. Garrison, who at that time began to attract attention by the ability and zeal with which he advocated the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation.

Struck by the truth of his views, and their consistency with Christianity and sound policy, she immediately adopted them, and has consecrated her life to their maintenance and promotion.

Mrs. Chapman is distinguished by great personal and intellectual gifts, as well as by moral courage and energy of character. Her memory is tenacious, and her industry and habits of business are remarkable. Thus qualified, the devotion of her time and talents to the anti-slavery cause has been most important, and has been limited only by the claims of her domestic duties, which have never been neglected.

Mrs. Chapman was the originator of the annual Boston Bazaar, which brings many thousands of dollars into the treasury of the Society. She also planned, and for many years edited, *The Liberty Bell*, an anti-slavery annual, which is still published. *Right and Wrong in Boston*, *Ten Years of Experience*, are the productions of her pen, as well as many Reports of the New England A. S. Society, with numerous shorter pieces, poems, and translations, illustrative of anti-slavery truth.

In Miss Martineau's deeply-interesting paper, before quoted, *The Martyr Age of the United States*, some particulars will be found of Mrs. Chapman's demeanour during the darkest times of the anti-slavery cause, which, at its outset, was opposed with the utmost virulence in the United States. Even yet, those who identify themselves with it are liable to be assailed by calumny, and excluded from society.

This sacrifice Mrs. Chapman, and her sisters, the Misses Weston, have freely made; and our interest is increased in the cause that has arrested and retained the devotion of this truly noble and admirable family.

A LITTLE child! and yet he spoke as one
 Having authority of God to pour
 The living words of liberty before
 The wise and prudent, till his life was done.

O, in that hour a nobler day begun!
 And all who would the broken heart restore,
 Or open wide the bondman's prison door,
 Are brethren of that well-beloved Son.
 His spirit is upon them when they preach
 Liberty to the captive, and unbind,
 By the free utterance of the Word they teach,
 The spirits of long-manacled mankind.
 They thank thee, Father! that thou hast revealed
 Thy counsels unto babes, though aged eyes are sealed.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

SONNET.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF LOVEJOY'S MARTYRDOM.

Elijah P. Lovejoy was a native of Maine, a graduate of Waterville College. He settled at St. Louis, Missouri, and attained a high reputation as an editor of a newspaper there. He became a clergyman, and at length an abolitionist. After the burning of M'Intosh at St. Louis, he spoke out in his newspaper about the atrocity of the deed, &c. For this his press and types were destroyed; and he then established himself on the opposite side of the river, in the free state of Illinois. But the town of Alton was as dangerous to him as if it had stood in a Slave State. It was the resort of slave-traders and river-traders, who believed their interests to depend on the preservation of slavery. Three times was his property annihilated; still his paper continued to be the steady, dispassionate advocate of freedom and reprover of violence. In October, 1837, he wrote to a friend in New York to unburden his full head and heart. After describing the fury and murderous spirit of his assailants, and the manner in which for weeks his footsteps had been tracked, he proceeded—"And now, my dear brother, if you ask, what are my feelings at a time like this? I answer, calm, perfectly calm, perfectly resigned. In the midst of danger, I have a constant sense of security. God has said—'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' and he has made his promise good. . . True, I am a husband and a father; but I am commanded to forsake father, and mother, and wife, and children, for Jesus' sake; and the time for fulfilling this pledge, it seems to me, has come. I dare not flee from Alton." He was murdered a few days after writing thus. His office was surrounded by an armed mob, and defended from within by the mayor of Alton. When the attack was supposed to be over, Lovejoy looked out to reconnoitre. He received five bullets in his body, was able to reach a room on the first floor,

declared himself fatally wounded, and fell on his face dead. His age was thirty-two.

No tears to-day ! A lofty joy should crown
 A deed of lofty sacrifice, like thine,
 Lovejoy ! and bid thy name with honour shine,
 As to remotest time we hand it down.
 That seed of liberty, so gladly sown,
 We will not water it with grief and tears ;
 But, o'er its harvest in the future years,
 Rejoice, as those before whose gaze hath shone
 A vision of the faithful, yet to die
 Mid hostile crowds, in darkness, for the right.
 Yet may we mourn that, ringing through the night,
 Sharply to theirs thine answering shots reply.
 Tears for the blood of others shed by thee ;
 Joy for thy blood poured forth so joyously and free.

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

PRAYER.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PLACIDO.

CUBA was threatened, in 1844, with an insurrection of her slaves. Many may not be aware that the leader of this revolt was a negro—Juan Placido—a man worthy to be ranked with Washington, or any other hero. His memoir, written by himself, is highly interesting, and illustrates Cuban slavery but too painfully.

With several of his poems, it was translated into English by Dr. Madden, and published, in 1840, under the title of, *Poems by a Slave*.

From a later notice, written since his death, we quote the following :—Juan Placido was born a slave on the estate of Don Terribio de Castro. His father was an African, his mother a mulatto. His earliest mistress treated him with kindness, and taught him to read ; but she died when he was twelve years old, and he fell into worse hands. At eighteen, on seeing his mother, a tenderly nurtured and delicate woman, struck with a heavy whip, for the first time he turned on his tormentors. Next morning his mother was rudely stripped, and again thrown down on the ground to be whipped. At first, with tears, he implored the overseer to spare her ; but at the sound of the first blow, as it cut into her naked flesh, he sprang once more upon the ruffian, who, having superior strength, beat him till he was more dead than alive.

After suffering all the vicissitudes of slavery, hunger, nakedness,

stripes; after bravely and ably bearing up against that slow, dreadful process which reduces the man to a thing—the image of God to a piece of merchandise—until he had reached his thirty-eighth year, he was unexpectedly released from his bonds, by some literary gentlemen, into whose hands his poems had fallen. He continued to live in Havanna, maintaining himself by house-painting, and such other arts as his ingenuity and talents placed within his reach.

The disastrous result of the Cuban insurrection is well known. Placido was arrested, and after a long trial was sentenced to be executed, and consigned to the chapel of the condemned. According to a custom of Cuba, he was conducted from the prison to this chapel of the doomed. It was hung with black cloth, dimly lighted; and he was there seated beside his coffin; while priests in long black robes stood around him, chanting in sepulchral voices the service of the dead.

It is an ordeal under which the stoutest-hearted and the most resolute have been found to sink. After enduring it twenty-four hours, he was led out to execution, calm and undismayed; and holding a crucifix in his hand, he recited, in a loud, clear voice, a solemn prayer in verse, which he had composed amid the horrors of the chapel. It thrilled upon the hearts of all who heard it. The following is a translation of this remarkable prayer, from the pen of Maria Weston Chapman.

On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down, as ordered, on a bench, with his back to the soldiers. Just as they were about to fire, he rose up, and gazed for an instant around and above him, on the beautiful capital of his native land, and its sail-flecked bay; on the dense crowds about him—the blue mountains in the distance—and the sky glorious with the summer sunshine. “Adios! Mundo” (Farewell! World), he said calmly, and sat down. The word was given, and five balls entered his body. He rose once more—turned his head to the shuddering soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. “Will no one pity me,” said he, laying his hand over his heart. “Here! fire here!”

Two balls entered his heart, and he fell dead. Thus perished the hero-poet of Cuba—her only poet, and one whose works will bear a comparison with most of the productions of modern Spanish literature.

BEING of infinite goodness! God Almighty,

I hasten in mine agony to thee!

Rending the hateful veil of calumny,

Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity!

Efface this ignominy from my brow,

Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now!

O King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!

My God! thou only my defence shalt be,

Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;

From whom the north her frosty treasure gathers,

Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,

Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish
 Revives to being at thy sacred voice.
 Without Thee all is naught, and at thy choice
 In fathomless eternity must perish.
 Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
 When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God ! I can deceive thee never ;
 Since, as through ether's bright transparency,
 Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
 Through every earthly lineament for ever.
 Forbid it, then, that innocence should stand
 Humbled, while slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
 Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
 And men shall trample over my cold dust,
 The corpse outraging with malignant pleasure,
 Speak, and recall my being at thy nod !
 Accomplish in me all thy will, my God !

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

THE DEATH OF THE SLAVE.

In a low and ill-thatched hut,
 Stretched on a floor of clay,
 With scanty clothing round her wrapped,
 The dying woman lay.

No husband's kindly hand,
 No loving child was near,
 To offer her their aid, or shed
 A sympathizing tear.

For now the ripened cane
 Was ready for the knife,
 And not a slave could be spared to aid
 His mother or his wife.

She is struggling now with death,
 Deep was that dying groan,
 For a corpse now lies on the cold clay floor,
 The soul, set free, has flown.

The planter, walking by,
 Chanced at the door to stop,
 And he cursed his luck, "there was one hand less
 To gather in the crop."

O, Jesus! thou hast said,
 "The poor your care shall be :
 Who visit not the poor and sick,
 They do it not to me."

{ MARIA LOWELL.

THE HAPPY MARTYRDOM.

It is not that the wicked hate,
 And that the foolish ones deride;
 It is not that so long we wait
 To see our Master glorified;
 Let hatred, scorn, and sorrow come,
 These do not make our martyrdom.

Father! we know our cause is thine;
 Though every earthly hope departs,
 We ask of thee no clearer sign
 Than the sweet promise in our hearts :
 Error may win the world's applause,
 Peace watches with the righteous cause.

And, if this blessing thou hast given,
 Why should we heed the bigot's scorn?
 He cannot bar the gates of heaven,
 Nor bribe the sunset or the morn
 Their consolation to deny,
 Because his soul is niggardly.

Love, faith, and peace, thy lilies three,
 Bloom on a single heart's frail stem,
 That dares truth's unpaid bondman be ;
 Father ! what lack we, having them ?
 Though unbelief's bleak winter freeze,
 Thy quiet sunshine fences these.

Then, Lord, what martyrdom have we,
 Whose pride of self grows less and less,
 Who, from a vain world's din, can flee
 Into thy guarded silentness ;
 Content, if we from year to year
 May save mankind a single tear ?

And yet what pang so sharp as this,
 To see our brother sit in night,
 Shut out and exiled from the bliss
 Of giving all to serve the right ?
 To see the seed thy hand hath sown
 With the world's darnels overgrown ?

To see the church hold up thy book,
 To keep thy light from bursting in ?
 To see thy priests with patience brook,
 For the rich sinner's sake, the sin ?
 To see the red-eyed vengeance creep
 Upon our nation in its sleep.

O, let us make our faith more strong,
 And make our hope more sure on high ;
 Except our brother do us wrong,
 How couldst thou teach us charity ?
 Except we feel our utter weakness,
 How couldst thou strengthen us with meekness ?

Still give us trials such as these,
 That we may learn to lean on thee ;
 Still humble us, till by degrees
 Proof against self our mail may be ;
 So shall peace, hope, and patience come
 Sevenfold from this our martyrdom.

THE ARMOUR AND THE PRIZE.

Written, in 1835, beneath the impression of a seal, with the motto—*Crescit sub pondere virtus*; crest—a mailed arm bearing a wreath upon a broken spear. The faithful, devoted, lamented writer of these lines died in 1837, and in the anti-slavery ranks.

I WAR not as my fathers did,
 Although I bear their arms;
 But the spirit that supported them
 In battle's fierce alarms—
 Their lofty *spirit* shall be mine,
 To press right bravely on,
 Nor heed although the spear be broken,
 So the wreath be won!

Behold the wreath to battle for,
 The freedom of mankind!
 That the iron bands of slavery
 Nor heart nor limb may bind;
 And let the mighty truth prevail,
 Whate'er the suffering be;
 I heed not hate nor mockery,
 If so the slave be free!

The glorious prize awaiteth me,
 If I will firmly bear
 This cross that Christ on earth has borne,
 And thus for heaven prepare.
 And when, at the great judgment day,
 I hear the word "well done,"
 What reck I of the toil and pain,
 If so the wreath be won!

ANNE G. CHAPMAN.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE REMARK OF A FRIEND, THAT A LARGE
NUMBER OF ABOLITIONISTS HAD DIED DURING THE PRECEDING
YEAR (1839).

Too true thy words ! a glorious band
Have faded from our side,
With aching hearts we vainly muse
On them, the good and tried :
Mid scenes of joyous hope or trust
Their forms before us rise,
Their shadowy presence girds our souls
In hours of sacrifice.
Is our path bright ? we mourn that they
Its beauty should not share,
Is the way dark ? we would not fear,
Were they but with us there.

But while in fervent grief we weep
Above each lowly grave,
May we like them the weak protect,
From wrong the helpless save ;
Their pure devotion, earnest faith,
And love of human kind,
Within our inmost souls let these
An answering echo find ;
And should the hour of peril come,
And freedom's friends turn pale,
The memory of the faithful dead
Shall prove as triple mail.

But does yon world, the far, the unknown,
Bestow no thought on ours ?
Do not fond memories of *us*
Yet linger in those bowers ?
Ah ! yes "a cloud of witnesses"
Are bending round us now,
With life immortal on each cheek,
And glory round each brow ;

The bitter scorn, the weary toil,
 On earth so meekly borne,
 Have cast no shadows o'er the face
 Whose absence here we mourn.

And as our onward path we tread,
 Too oft perplexed and slow,
 With what an earnest watchfulness
 They mark the path we go;
 And when, despite the assailing world,
 We rally for the slave,
 And in his cause its sharpest darts
 With calm endurance brave,
 And when in all of human kind,
 A brother's face we see,
 Whate'er his colour, creed, or clime,
 Whate'er his destiny.

O! does not then an answer come,
 In thrilling tones of power,
 Vouchsafing commune to our souls,
 Even in an earthly hour,
 And whispering in our inmost hearts,
 "Below we meet no more,
 But in the spirit-world thy soul
 Even into ours may soar;
 And not one holy wish or thought,
 That rises in thy heart,
 But meets its kindred in our souls
 Of which it forms a part."

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

THOMAS SCATTERGOOD PREACHING TO NEGROES.

"After we had parted from our friends at the bridge, and got over the Savannah river, I saw a company of black people, with hand-barrows, making a large causeway to the foot of the bridge. At first sight of them, I felt pity flow in my heart towards them; and after expressing my sympathy with them, my heart was enlarged to preach to them, as I sat on my horse, the gospel of Jesus Christ, their suffering Lord and

Saviour. It was a solemn time; and when I took off my hat, they did so likewise, and threw aside their tools; and there was loud weeping among them."—*Journal of Thos. Scattergood*, a Quaker preacher.

By clear Savannah's winding shore,
Our weary loads at eve we bore;
Vainly for us the sun's decline,
Flashed o'er the cedar and the pine.

A weary and despairing throng,
With sullen step we passed along;
No word we spoke—we shed no tears,
For silent is the grief of years.

O! what to us could life impart?
A failing frame—a bleeding heart;
Broken for us each earthly bond,
And death a soundless gulf beyond.

We heard the sound of trampling feet,
A careless glance we turned, to meet
A lonely traveller through the wild,
Of thoughtful aspect, grave, yet mild.

The white man's thrall, esteemed of none,
Yet by *his* mien our hearts were won;
No pride or avarice stain'd the brow,
Bending in kindness o'er us now.

He reined his patient steed—he stood
Between us and the rolling flood;
Awhile his head in reverence bow'd,
Then, gazing on us, spoke aloud.

We've seen the summer prairies lie,
One changeless and unpitying sky
Of cloudless, shadeless power beneath
A realm of silence, blight, and death.

Then has the gust of joyous rain
Wakened the earth to life again;
The grass waved free, the fresh flowers sprang,
The sparkling rivers danced and sang,
The woods with words of rapture rang.

Like healing dew, like gushing shower,
His words of blessing came that hour;
Came with a power the hearts to melt
Where dark despair before had dwelt,
A dim, dead sorrow inly felt.

To *us* these words could peace unfold,
Even to *us* of hope they told;
Man might oppress, deride, forget,
One higher far, remembered yet.

He told of One on earth who came,
For us, enduring death and shame;
He spoke of rest beyond the grave,
Of gladness for the weeping slave.

He ceased—the river's murmuring tone
Broke on the solemn hush alone;
From o'er the prairies wild, the breeze
Swept sighing through the whispering trees.
Wind, rustling leaf, and rippling wave,
All blending low, meet answer gave.

But we—the anguish of our lot,
Hardship and toil, all seem'd forgot;
A hope had dawned, unknown before,
A light, to some, to fade no more.

But while the healing tears were shed,
While broken words of love were said,
From 'midst the spell-bound throng he passed,
Moments were those too blest to last.

The sunset still its glory poured
O'er stately pine, and flowery sward,
As we, with mingled grief and awe,
Among the shadowy cedars saw
The stranger and his steed withdraw.

Years have gone by—this lonely shore,
That cheering voice was heard no more;
Years have gone by—but ne'er effaced
The heart's fond record, deeply traced.

And often, in some happier dream,
His tones seemed blended with the stream ;
And when the forest shades grow dim,
The straining eye has pictured him.

Was it some heavenly spirit sent,
With message of Divine intent ;
Through whom the outcast and reviled
Was owned as God's remembered child,
And to his Father reconciled.

E. S. T.

THE VOICE OF MERCY.

THE voice of mercy, long restrained,
Bids Afric's sable sons rejoice ;
And suffering thousands, now unchained,
Echo the sound of mercy's voice—
The glorious song of jubilee
Resounds from captives now made free.

Let British hearts and voices raise
The joyful hymn, the humble prayer ;
Bring honour, love, thanksgiving, praise,
To Him who makes the slave his care—
The glorious song of jubilee,
For captive islands now made free.

Now safe beneath the palm-tree's shade,
Behold the sons of freedom rest !
At eve no fearful sounds invade,
The morning comes in smiling vest—
Raise high the song of jubilee,
At mercy's voice the slave is free.

No more the grievous lash rebounds,
In peace he tills the fertile soil,
He sows and reaps the fruitful grounds,
And tastes the sweet reward of toil—
Whilst the glad song of jubilee
Delights the isles beyond the sea.

Whose hand the mighty work hath wrought ?
 Salvation to our God belongs !
 His arm hath this deliverance brought,
 'Tis He redresses Afric's wrongs !
 Resound the song of jubilee,
 Let Afric's children all be free !

And let the gospel light be shed
 O'er all the islands !—East and West !
 And let the gospel sound be spread,
 And every heart with truth be blessed !
 Raise high the song of jubilee,
 Jehovah bids the slave be free !

H. Y.

REMEMBER THOSE IN BONDS.

“ Where there is neither bond nor free, but Christ is all and in all ”
 (Col. iii. 11). “ Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them ;
 and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also of the (same)
 body ” (Heb. xiii. 3).

LORD Christ ! our glorious head ! in Thee,
 No difference parts the bond and free ;
 The freeman feels no more his own,
 The slave is for a brother known.

From sin's internal thralldom freed,
 He that believes is free indeed ;
 Free, though the limbs may wear a chain,
 Tyrants would bind the soul in vain.

How long shall men, by Christ redeemed,
 As beasts of burden be esteemed ?
 And those by Grace Divine renewed,
 Be doomed to hopeless servitude ?

How long the heavens shall avarice brave,
 Scorning God's image in the slave ;
 While woman's rights, the mother's ties,
 The ruthless men of gold despise ?

For those in bonds, O Lord ! we plead,
 Lo, Thou our Head, thy members bleed !
 To the same body all belong :
 We mourn with those who suffer wrong.

What though of different hue and race,
 Brethren by blood, co-heirs of grace,
 Our prayers, our sympathy they claim ;
 Their wrongs our sin, their bonds our shame.

Judge of the earth, the orphan's God !
 Break by our hands the oppressor's rod.
 O, when shall every slave be free,
 New-born to glorious liberty ?

JOSIAH CONDER.

FOR A LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

" Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth "
 (Ps. cxxiv. 8).

LORD ! give the word, say, " Be thou free,"
 Proclaim thine acceptable year !
 The captive yearns for liberty ;
 Our earnest prayer, O Saviour, hear !

Lord of all power ! unloose his chain ;
 Most merciful ! for mercy's sake,
 The broken heart bind thou again,
 The bruised reed, O spare to break !

We can but weep, while Thou canst aid,
 We can but pray, Thou, Lord, canst save !
 Deliverance, e'en as thou hast said,
 We for our fathers' victims crave.

" Call on me in the day of grief,"
 Thou saidst, thy Word for ever stands,
 " Ye lost, in me is your relief ;"
 To thee we raise our suppliant hands.

O visit not on us, good Lord,
 The sin our fathers dared too long;
 Our hope, our trust, is in thy Word,
 Weak helpers we, but thou art strong!

The widow's mite, the orphan's prayer,
 The tear of pitying poverty,
 Our hands, our voices, shall declare
 A nation's deep repentant cry.

Miriam, in strains of glory, hailed
 The triumph of her father's God;
 The wife of Lapidoth prevailed,
 And broke the prostrate tyrant's rod.

Mothers in Israel, daughters, wives,
 On Britain's as on Judah's shore,
 To freedom's cause devote your lives,
 Servants of God, serve sin no more!
 FRANCES ROLLESTON.

PRAYER FOR THE NEGRO.

"He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives" (Luke iv. 18).

O THOU who art the prisoners'¹ friend,
 And to secure their liberty
 Didst bid through Israel's coast ascend,
 The trumpet note of jubilee;²

Who from thy glorious throne on high
 Didst send thine only Son, to prove
 That He who made earth, sea, and sky,
 Has a new gospel title—Love;

Who in that blessed title known
 In tender mercies now dost reign;
 And to exalt Emmanuel's throne
 Didst break, through grace,³ our captive chain;

¹ Isa. xlix. 9; Zec. ix. 12.

² Lev. xxv. 9.

³ Col. i. 13.

Remember now, thou pitying Lord,
 The sable sons of fettered woe,
 And speak the liberating word,
 "Oppressors, let my people go."¹

O hear those mournful suppliants' cry,
 Write down their tears, their groans, their grief,²
 And end their dread captivity,
 And send them quick and sure relief.

And Thou who art at God's right hand,
 A holy priest for ever there,³
 And by thy merits canst command
 An answer to thy church's prayer;

Black is this church, but fair her worth,⁴
 Because "the Son has made her free,"⁵
 And Ethiopia does stretch forth⁶
 Her ransomed hands, O Lord, to thee.

O speed her prayers, and let her join
 Her thankful song to those who prove
 The word of promise is Divine,
 "That God hears prayer,"⁷ and "God is love."⁸

And then shall we thy right hand bless,
 When sins and woes like these shall cease;
 And own the Lord our righteousness,
 "The mighty God," "The Prince of Peace."⁹

CRUCIGER.

¹ Ex. vii. 16.

⁴ Ca. i. 5.

⁷ Jn. xvi. 24.

² Ps. lvi. 8.

⁵ Jn. viii. 36.

⁸ 1 Jn. iv. 8.

³ Heb. vii. 26.

⁶ Ps. lxxviii. 3.

⁹ Isa. ix. 6.

GET OFF THE TRACK.

Ho ! the car emancipation
 Rides majestic through our nation,
 Bearing on its train the story,
 Liberty ! a nation's glory.
 Roll it along, thro' the nation,
 Freedom's car, emancipation !

First of all the train and greater,
 Speeds the dauntless liberator,
 Onward cheered amid hosannas,
 And the waving of free banners.
 Roll it along ! spread your banners,
 While the people shout hosannas.

Men of various predilections,
 Frightened, run in all directions ;
 Merchants, editors, physicians,
 Lawyers, priests, and politicians.
 Get out of the way ! every station !
 Clear the track of 'mancipation !

Let the ministers and churches,
 Leave behind sectarian lurches ;
 Jump on board the car of Freedom,
 Ere it be too late to need them.
 Sound the alarm ! Pulpits thunder !
 Ere too late you see your blunder !

Politicians gazed, astounded,
 When, at first, our bell resounded ;
Freight trains are coming, tell these foxes,
 With our *votes* and *ballot boxes*.
 Jump for your lives ! politicians,
 From your dangerous, false positions.

All true friends of emancipation,
 Haste to freedom's railroad station ;

Quick into the cars get seated,
All is ready and completed.

Put on the steam ! all are crying,
And the liberty-flags are flying.

Now again the bell is tolling,
Soon you'll see the car-wheels rolling ;
Hinder not their destination,
Chartered for emancipation.

Wood up the fire ! keep it flashing,
While the train goes onward dashing.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming !
Now look out ! *the engine's coming !*
Church and statesmen ! hear the thunder !
Clear the track, or you'll fall under.
Get off the track ! all are singing,
While the *liberty bell* is ringing.

On, triumphant, see them bearing,
Through sectarian rubbish tearing ;
The bell and whistle, and the steaming,
Startle thousands from their dreaming.
Look out for the cars while the bell rings !
Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us ;
At the depots thousands greet us ;
All take seats with exultation,
In the car emancipation.
Huzza ! Huzza !! emancipation
Soon will bless our happy nation,
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !!!

BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.

The storm-winds wildly blowing,
The bursting billows mock,
As with their foam-crests glowing,
They dash the sea-girt rock ;

Amid the wild commotion,
 The revel of the sea,
 A voice is on the ocean,
 Be free, O man, be free.

Behold the sea-brine leaping
 High in the murky air;
 List to the tempest sweeping
 In chainless fury there.
 What moves the mighty torrent,
 And bids it flow abroad?
 Or turns the rapid current?
 What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit
 Less noble or less free?
 From whom does it inherit
 The doom of slavery?
 When man can bind the waters,
 That they no longer roll,
 Then let him forge the fetters
 To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
 From earth, and sea, and sky,
 And to the soul revealing
 Its immortality.
 The swift wind chants the numbers
 Careering o'er the sea,
 And earth, aroused from slumbers,
 Re-echoes, "Man, be free!"

ON BIARD'S PICTURE OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

(PRIZE POEM).

The circumstances, under which the following poem was written, were these:—In the exhibition at Somerset House, in 1840, was a very beautiful and touching picture, by M. Biard, representing the slave-trade as carried on upon the coast of Africa; from which an engraving of large

size has since been executed by Wagstaffe. This picture was selected by a gentleman interested in the cause of humanity, George Thomas, of Bristol, as a subject for the exercise of poetical genius, who offered, for the production of the highest merit, a prize of ten pounds. One hundred and twelve pieces were sent in, a large proportion of which possessed considerable merit. Besides the poem to which the prize was awarded, three others were deemed worthy of distinctive approbation, and a copy of the engraving from M. Biard's picture was presented to the respective writers.

LOUD rose the hymn on wild Arabia's shore,
When Israel saw that Mizraim was no more;
And Miriam went, with all her virgin train,
To lead the song and swell the lofty strain;
"O Israel! through yon rolling waters led,
Shout, for the Lord—the Lord hath triumphed!"

So, round the sea-girt island of the West,
The brightest gem on ocean's heaving breast,
Glad sounds were heard, when pealed the loud decree,
"Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!"
The patriot fulmin'd with unwonted fire;
The bard, enraptured, seized his glowing lyre,
And warmed with holy zeal, in fervid strains,
Sung the lorn negro's woes—his stripes—his chains;
Till Britain willed—proud empress of the sea—
Then burst his bonds—the slave—the slave was free!

Vain, transitory hopes! that thus foretold,
To trusting hearts, the coming age of gold;
When truth and justice, walking hand in hand,
Would shed their bounties o'er the blooming land;
And Afric's sable sons, with freedom blest,
Beneath their spreading palms securely rest;
Nor dread the spoiler's chain—the mart of blood,
Nor stripes and bondage far across the flood.

Years since have sped—and still in countless waves
"Westward has roll'd the living tide of slaves;"
Vain, Britain's menace—vain, her generous call,
To break the negro's bonds, and burst his thrall:
Mammon insatiate, hears not pity plead;
Cruel as death—his victims still must bleed;

And bold and daring grown, he sweeps the seas ;
 Spreads his full sails to every favouring breeze ;
 And, hardened in the trade of blood, defies
 The threats of man—the thunders of the skies !

Illustrious Master of a generous art,
 That soothes, refines, and disciplines the heart !
 Blest be the thought that taught thee to forego
 Domestic joys, to paint a scene of woe ;
 That urged thee o'er the watery waste to roam,
 A willing exile from the bliss of home,
 While love and genius led thee on thy way
 Through pathless fields—to realms that greet the day,
 To stamp with powerful hand the bright design,
 And rouse our feelings by each forceful line ;
 To show the God-like wish has half been vain
 To break the negro's yoke—and burst his chain ;
 To prove through regions, trackless and unknown,
 That bask beneath the blazing tropic's zone,—
 From Guinea's coast and Congo's wealth of woods,
 To Donga's hills that roll down golden floods ;
 From the green cape that views the verdant isles,
 To southern shores where endless summer smiles ;
 From Zarah's drifting wilderness of sand,
 To the tall mountains of the central land,
 Where cloudless skies with fiercest ardours burn,
 And the blue Nile unseals his scanty urn ;
 To rich Sofala, and dark Mozambique,
 Round every headland, bay, and winding creek,—
 Still the infernal traffic speeds its way,
 And hellhounds lurk to seize their hapless prey !

Come, view the radiant work, and ponder well
 The tale of woe and suffering it shall tell.

'Tis dawn—pale morn is breaking o'er the bay,
 And glimmering light proclaims approaching day ;
 The far-off mountains change their shadowy hue,
 And swell and brighten on the gazer's view ;
 Looming in yonder creek, with canvas furled,
 Anchors the slave-ship from the western world ;
 Dark, lowering, hateful, the vile craft appears
 Fit for her freight of agony and tears :

Behold yon dusky groups that line the shore,
 Fated to view their native soil no more ;
 Mark well their aspect, terror, grief, despair,
 All that the heart o'erwhelms is pictured there ;
 In the dim distance, through the struggling light,
 Gangs of chain'd captives meet the aching sight ;
 And—cruel wrong—alas ! too sad for tears,
 Bound and exposed weak woman's form appears ;
 See, where yon massive shadows gain relief
 From centering light—there sits the negro chief ;
 Dull and embruted, he can calmly view
 The thickening horror, and enforce it, too ;
 His sparkling hookah, with its fragrant breath,
 Lending strange contrast to this scene of death :
 Prone on the earth yon stalwart figure lies,
 Bound like a victim for the sacrifice ;
 While o'er his form that hoary savage kneels,
 And to his captors for his price appeals ;
 Here female weakness shrieks, implores in vain,
 To 'scape the burning brand, the galling chain ;
 The wretched mother there, in maddening grief,
 Hangs o'er her lifeless babe, and seeks relief
 For speechless sorrow, in the vain defence
 Her arms afford to murdered innocence ;
 To the fond maid, whose heart was ever true,
 Yon frantic lover gasps a wild adieu ;
 Forced by the scourge and fetter to forego
 Misery's last balm—the fellowship of woe !
 Her's—the dread doom of the enfeebled slave—
 Death on the lonely shore—without a grave !
 And who is he that plans, directs the whole ?
 The man of iron nerve and rugged soul—
 The miscreant, who has crossed the stormy flood,
 And dared its wrath, to glut his thirst for blood ;
 Who laughs at human tears, and heav'n defies,
 Braving, with impious deeds, the vengeance of the skies.
 Bland, calm, and callous, view him stretched at ease—
 The blood-stained pirate of the Atlantic seas ;
 Who 'mid the rushing blasts and howling waves,
 Hurls his doom'd victims into living graves ;
 Or lands them on Columbia, plague-struck shore,
 Clutches his gold—"and hurries back for more ! "

'Twas night—the hamlet lay in balmy rest ;
 The babe was slumb'ring on its mother's breast ;
 The father dreamt the child was at his knee,
 While he reposed beneath *his* father's tree :
 Falsely secure, they deemed no evil nigh ;
 The spoiler came—arose the deathful cry ;
 Their lov'd home flaming through the gloom of night
 Reveal'd their terror, and betrayed their flight :—
 Weak, worn, and manacled, behold them stand
 By the dull waters of that dismal strand ;
 Doom'd in yon floating den to cross the wave,
 Their happiest fate—to find the surge their grave ;
 Their last lorn hope—to view their native shore,
 When the sad term of hated life is o'er !

My generous country ! well didst thou repay
 The direful evil of thine early day,
 By deeds exalted and more glorious far
 Than all thy trophies in the fields of war ;
 First, brightest, in the roll of lasting fame,
 Millions of grateful hearts shall bless thy name.
 And shall thy lofty wish be rendered vain,
 To free the slave, and burst his binding chain ?
 Shall pirate-rovers scour the flashing deep,
 And round the Libyan shores securely sweep ?
 Crimson the azure wave with human gore,
 And, shark-like, prowl the watery realm for more ?
 And shall the island-empress wait the while,
 And view the work of death, and calmly smile ?
 Forbid it, heav'n ! it is thine own decree
 That universal man shall yet be free !—
 That yet shall come, by sacred bards foretold,
 A purer reign than the lost age of gold ;
 When all the former curse is swept away,
 And dawns around a fairer, brighter day ;
 When earth below shall blend with heaven above,
 One boundless realm of happiness and love ;
 And all shall worship Him who bled and died
 To set them free—the Saviour crucified !

DAVID MALLOCK, M.A.

RANSOM OF A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

IMPROMPTU STANZAS.

BY THE WORKSHOP BARD.

Written on reading "the case of Dr. Pennington."

An attempt was once made by some friends (of Dr. Pennington's), in Connecticut, to purchase his freedom, which failed, either because the sum offered was not deemed sufficient, or rather, as our informant supposes, because his master refused to sell him on any terms, but avowed his purpose to get him back again into bondage, as a punishment for his ungrateful desertion. Until the passage of the late law, there was no hope of this; but now Dr. Pennington could be seized in his very pulpit, and even while ministering at the table of the Lord; or, perhaps, while sitting as moderator of the third Presbytery of New York, dragged before a commissioner, and remanded to his "owner," to be put up at auction in a southern mart, or worked under the lash, far away from wife and family, from church and Christian friends, perhaps denied even to read the Word of God. He is too valuable a chattel to be lost. Should his owner consent to his ransom, almost any amount could be raised, for that purpose, in the churches of this city. But should the Union Safety Committee, after securing his conviction by eminent counsel, deem it advisable, for the preservation of the Union, that he should be "*sold south*," he would command no ordinary price. Put up on the Auction block at Richmond, as a man of good muscle and good stuff, he might bring from 800 to 1000 dollars; but as an acceptable minister of Christ, some pious slaveholder, wishing to get a chaplain for his household, might give for him 500 dollars more; and when to this was added a doctorate in divinity from Heidelberg university, a skilful auctioneer might run him up to 2000 dollars. Perhaps, however, we rate the latter above its par value. This is no caricature of the Fugitive Law. Its infamy does not admit of caricature. What was done to Henry Long could be done also to Dr. Pennington. A man bought with the precious blood of Christ—a freeman in Christ Jesus—a preacher of the everlasting gospel—the pastor of a Presbyterian church in this city, might be seized here in open day by the officers of law, and in the name of *law*, and of the government of the United States, be sent into hopeless slavery, under the flag of the American Union. If there is anything worse than this in Austria, or Russia, we should like to know it. No wonder that Dr. Pennington is afraid to return to New York. He may have thought that the fact of his having escaped from his master, when on free soil, would shield him from the gripe of this law; and on that point he may have written to Hartford for a legal opinion. But much as his church here needs his services, and great as is his anxiety to resume his pastoral labours, we presume he has no thought of risking his liberty.

Knowing full well the peril of giving advice to fugitives, we do yet

distinctly advise Dr. Pennington not to return to New York. It will be for his Presbytery to decide, however, whether they will retain in their fellowship, a man who is living in open disregard of the laws of God and his country, by refusing to come back and deliver himself over to slavery!

Let all Christians ponder this case. Let them take it to their closets, and pray over it, with an honest desire to ascertain their duty toward the Fugitive Law. As a help to such reflections, we print the following lines:—

BRING out the fetters—clank the rusted gyves,
 Rain down your curses on the doomed race,
 Hang out a terror that shall haunt their lives
 In every place.

Unloose the bloodhounds from oppression's den,
 Arm every brigand in the name of law,
 And triple shield of pulpit, press, and pen,
 Around them draw.

Ho! politicians, orators, divines,
 Ho! cotton-mongers of the north and south,
 Strike now for slavery, or our Union's shrines
 Are gone, forsooth!

Down from their glory into chaos hurled,
 Your thirty states in shivered fragments go,
 Like the seared leaves by autumn tempests whirled,
 To depths below.

Closed be each ear—let every tongue be dumb,
 Nor one sad pitying tear o'er man be shed,
 Though fainting at your threshold he should come,
 And ask for bread.

Though woman, fleeing from the cruel grip
 Of foul oppression, scarred and stained with blood,
 Where from the severed veins, the driver's whip
 Hath drank its blood;

Though helpless childhood ask (O, pitying heaven!)
 The merest crumb which falls upon the floor,
 Though faint and famished—bread must not be given;
 Bolt fast the door.

And must it be, thou just and holy God,
 That in our midst thy peeled and stricken poor
 Shall kneel and plead amid their fears and blood,
 For evermore !

Shall those to whom the Lord himself hath given
 To preach His gospel the wide world around,
 To point the erring in the way to heaven,
 Be seized and bound ?

Placed on the auction block, with chattels sold,
 Driven like a beast of burden day by day.
 His flock be scattered from the shepherd's fold,
 The spoiler's prey ?

How long thy people cry—O Lord ! how long !
 Shall not thine arm shake down the bolted fire ?
 Can deeds like these, of God-defying wrong,
 Escape His ire ?

Must judgments—such as swept with fearful tread
 O'er Egypt, when she made thy people slaves,
 Where thy hand strewed with their unburied dead
 The Red Sea waves—

Must fire and hail from heaven upon us fall,
 Our first-born perish 'neath the Avenger's brand,
 And seven-fold darkness, like a funeral pall,
 O'erspread the land ?

We kneel before thy footstool, gracious God,
 Spare thou our nation, in thy mercy spare ;
 We perish quickly 'neath Thy lifted rod
 And arm made bare.

—*New York Independent.*

J. M. FIELDS.

ANTICIPATION, OR THE END OF SLAVERY.

HEARD ye that shriek across the Atlantic waves ?
 Again—and yet again—more dreadful still ;
 It speaks of thousand deaths.—See, where on high
 A smoke goes up, as from a hundred furnaces,

Veiling the face of heaven. The sun himself,
 Half hid, flares horribly, a blood-red orb.
 'Tis midnight-noon;—the birds have ceased their song,
 And all is still! Ah! see that burst of flame!
 A lurid glare spreads o'er the wondering world,
 It seems as if earth's pent-up fires had burst
 The adamant dome, and ranged at large;
 Hark to that shout continuous, commixt
 With clank of fetters burst, and on the rocks
 Dash'd by indignant hands!—A louder shout
 Of thousands freed, proclaims the contest o'er.
 Infatuated tyrants! deaf to all
 That prudence, justice, mercy, long have urged!
 Deaf to the calls of God and man, to cease
 Your work accurst. Oppression hath its limits,
 Those have been passed—and now retaliation
 Avenges thus the sufferings of the slave.
 O, Afric's sons, of grievances untold,
 Have long sustain'd a load unfit for man.
 The blood of millions, kidnapp'd from the soil
 That gave them birth, and is their fathers' grave,
 Aloud hath cried for ages to the God
 Of justice for revenge. Those long-borne wrongs—
 Those cries are heard,—the work of vengeance done,—
 And Afric's captive sons at length are freed.

O, Britain! O, my country! dear loved land!
 By heaven more blest than all the world beside,
 How much hast thou those mercies great abused?
 Bow to the dust with contrite heart, lest now
 Thy God offended, pour on thee and thine,
 The vial of his wrath. Those wretched men,
 Who now have paid the forfeit of their lives,
 Were all thy sons, and thou didst not restrain them,
 Though they were vile; on thee their guilt abides,
 And if thy God now doth not make an end,
 It is because ten righteous have been found
 Within thy walls, to deprecate his wrath.

Of all the sins that curse this sinful world,
 The sin of *Slavery* is the most accurst;
 Embracing in its circle all the rest;

The victim and the tyrant both its prey,
In body and in soul, in time and in
Eternity, they feel its deadly sting.

Long in those island-hells,—in times now past,
The jest obscene, the revelry and song,
Flow'd to the music of the lash and scream ;
The shriek, the writhings of the wretch impaled,
Like a fool's jest, amused when converse flagg'd.
Heard ye that shout exulting, and the laugh
That shook the banquet dome? It was the triumph
Of the law-train, from work of death returned ;
A military mess—judges and jury ;
The sacred, faithful, minister of God,
By them condemn'd, lay wearing out his life
In dungeon dark, the victim of their hate.

See ye that gibbet, and the sable corse
Hung iron-bound? He is their victim too ;
Untried he bled to glut their thirst of blood.

Heard ye the shriek of that wild maniac ?
Along the street she runs, and raving cries,
“O, massa,—cruel massa, from these arms
My children tore ;—no child has Quasha now.
O, cruel Massa—Quasha wish to die !”
Behold where on that dunghill foul is laid,
An aged leper, horrible to view ;—
A useless burden to his master grown—
Forsaken, there is cast to wait for death.
Heard ye the music of the bugle horn,
As down the mountain passes joyous come
A motley train, some white, some black, and some
Of tawny hue ?—bright shine their glittering arms.
High, as the eagle's nest, in cleft of rock,
A peaceful mountain village long had stood
Unnoticed and unknown ; at length betray'd,
It was resolved, with fire and sword, at once
To exterminate the whole. The work is done ;
And, laden with the spoil, the conquerors come.

'Tis market day ! above the crowd, see where
Unpitied stands, in iron cage close pent,

A famish'd wretch :—nine scorching days, and nine
Cold chilling nights, no food his lips had passed.
At length his limbs gave way, he sinks and dies.
Beside him sat, companion of his guilt,—
(If guilt it were, to which oppression drove),
A silent sufferer ; while the fire repress'd,
By slow degrees, consum'd his shrivelling frame.

Hark to the shouts of wild ecstatic joy !
See where white hats, white hands, white faces join,
In acclamations of delight, as down yon pile,
With dreadful crash and dust falls to the ground !
It is the house of prayer : the house in which
The negro learned to know he had a soul.
The minister of peace could scarcely 'scape
The *gentlemanly* mob. These are the men
Who hold the negroes to be only *brutes*,
Yet these,—O horrible to tell !—yet these,
When lust impels, will take—by *force* will take—
These brutes into their arms and to their beds !

I could go on with such revolting scenes,
Until the harrow'd soul, disgusted, cried,
“ In mercy spare ; ” let these suffice to show
That hell itself can scarcely parallel
The guilt and sufferings that have filled these isles,
These *British isles*, till now by *Slavery* curst.
Dearly hath Britain paid for all this guilt !
Yet well for her, if she have learned at last
To sin no more.

How God, in days long gone,
Dealt with *oppressors*, Israel's annals tell.
Year after year, his people, groaning, lay
In base Egyptian bonds, (yet Egypt's bonds
Were light and easy ones, compar'd with those
By British mercy forged, for negro limbs),
When God, at length, resolved the slaves to free,
No *gradual* manumission then was his !
No compromising with the oppressor there !
No coaxing then of those who spurn'd his law !
He spake the word :—the tyrant's rage was vain.

"Be free," I AM then said, and free they were !
 The mighty monarch in the hands of God,
 Was feeble as the slenderest reed of Nile ;
 Nay, trembled at the rod of rescued slave
 Whom God sustain'd. That slave his arm outstretch'd,
 And earth, and air, and water brought forth straight,
 Innumerable hosts of reptiles vile
 To desolate the earth, and spread around
 Corruption through the land. Once more the rod
 Of power Divine he wav'd, and fell disease
 Seized all the herds and flocks on Nilus' shores :
 O'er Pharaoh and his people spread the foul
 And loathsome boils, their slaves alone unharm'd.

Rebelling yet, the tyrant thought to brave
 The Lord Almighty ;—impious thought ! See where
 The windows of the sky are open thrown ;
 No gentle dew distils ;—no rain descends,
 But flaming fire and mighty hailstones fall,
 Amid the thunder's roar, on man and beast,
 On cattle, and on every herb and tree,
 Destruction dealing round on all, save *them*
 By Heaven preserved,—the servants of the Lord—
 Still Pharaoh's heart was hard.

Hark, from the east
 A mighty rushing wind, all day and night
 Blows loud, and brings the *locust* army-plague,
 They hide the face of heaven ; the darken'd earth
 Is cover'd with these cohorts of the skies ;
 Herbs, fruits, and flowers destroy'd,—nought green remains
 In desolated Egypt, saving Goshen's fields.

While all these horrors had laid waste the land,
 Impenetrable darkness o'er the earth
 Three days and nights prevail'd ;—darkness so dense
 It might be *felt*. Man knew not where to find
 His fellow-man, save from his cries alone.

'Tis but with life the tyrant parts with power,
 He grasps his rod and sceptre to the last.
 Though Pharaoh trembled, still in slavery's bonds
 He Israel's race retain'd, and braved their God ;

That God at length laid bare his red right arm ;—
 He stretch'd it forth and cried, while Egypt quaked,
 "Long-suffering now is past ! Ye, who have made
 The mother childless,—be ye childless too."
 Heard ye that cry of desolation, which,
 At midnight hour, spread terror and dismay
 O'er all the trembling land ? It issued forth
 From stately palace, and from lowly cot.
 In every house, *Death*, with unerring darts,
 Transfix'd each first-born son of Egypt's race.
 Nile heard, along his course, the mother's shriek ;
 Nor monarch on his throne, nor captive wretch,
 In dungeon chain'd, escaped the doom decreed.

The work is done, and Israel's sons are free !
 With strong and mighty hand, the Lord most high
 Now led his people forth. It was a day
 To be remember'd long ; forward they press'd
 With joyful hearts, till ocean's waves at length
 Their onward steps arrest—they there encamp'd.

The terror pass'd away, the tyrant king,
 Repenting that he e'er had fear'd the Lord,
 And let his slaves depart, assembled straight
 The host of Egypt, to o'ertake their steps.
 A thousand chariots, and a martial train
 Innumerable, of horse and foot, pursued.
 The fugitives, unarm'd, had none to aid
 Save HIM, who led them forth, the Lord most high.
 The rocky shore echoed the shout afar,
 Of Egypt's mighty host, when they beheld
 Their victims in their power.—*Who now can save ?*
 Heard ye that roar ? 'twas like the rushing sound
 Of mighty waters ! lo, the ocean waves
 Disparting wide, recede on either hand,
 Where, hardening, tier on tier, aloft they form
 The ramparts strong, pellucid to their base ;
 A pathway, dry and firm, old ocean's bed,
 Till then untrod, affords. The crystal walls
 Kept back the briny flood. The shelly floor
 Astonish'd Israel trod, with songs of praise.

The distant shore in safety scaled,—behind,
 Thence they beheld the army of their foes :
 Along the road miraculous, that army spread ;
 Chariots, and horse, and foot, together press'd ;
 Banners and glittering spears, with falchions gleam'd,
 While loud the clarion's voice gave note of war.
 Exalted on a car of state superb,
 The mighty monarch sat, revolving deep
 Dire vengeance on the heads of Israel's race.

High on a rock, the prophet meek appear'd,
 The mystic rod he stretch'd ;—forthwith at once,
 The crystal walls gave way ; the briny flood
 Rush'd down with dreadful roar, o'erwhelming deep
 The monarch and his host ; chariots and horse
 In one commingled mass, together roll'd ;
 Not one was left, of all the warlike train,
 To carry back the tidings of their fate
 To Egypt's mourning land. All now was still !
 Far as the eye could reach, the reflux tide
 With precious floating spoils was cover'd o'er ;
 This Israel saw, and own'd the hand of *Him*
 Whom winds and waves obey. This Israel saw,
 And Miriam sung the praises of the Lord.

S. R.

SUFFIELD.

THE slave is freed ! the glorious work is done ;
 Mercy prevails !—dethroned the tyrant falls,
 The vanquished foe retreats, the day is won,
 And Suffield foremost mounts the battered walls.
 And well, and bravely was the fight sustained,
 Cool and determined, every pass made sure ;
 His armour from the hostile camp was gained,
 Each onset served the victory to secure.
 Th' opposing chiefs, in solemn conclave, sought
 The joys of bondage and of chains to prove ;
 And to the nation's bar their rhetoric brought,
 To scare the patriot from his work of love.

Ignoble task! blush ye who led the way,
 With shame look back on that dishonoured field
 Where Suffield triumphed o'er your proud array,
 And forced your falsehoods to his truth to yield.
 Triumphs like these invest the victor's name
 With nobler worth than heraldry can give:
 Long shall that worth descend with Suffield's fame,
 And far beyond the praise of marble live!

△

“And He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?”—Daniel iv. 35.

PROUD reasoner! cease thy boast,
 Hide, hide thee from this light;
 Confess thy fragile system lost
 In error's hopeless night!

The providence of God
 Wilt thou still dare deny;
 And His avenging, awful rod
 In hardihood defy?

Does that parental care
 Which marks the sparrow's death,
 And numbers faithfully each hair,
Still give *thee* life and breath?

Rouse from thy fatal trance,
 While yet thou may'st awake!
 And thy delusive dreams of chance
 O! hasten to forsake!

Read here in words of gold*
 The lie to calumny;
 The simple truth, as simply told,
 First fruits of liberty!

* A more triumphant answer to the unreasonable clamour of the opponents of Emancipation can scarcely be conceived, than is contained in the following extracts from advices from ANTIGUA, the only Sugar

Strong were the pond'rous chains
 That bound the suffering slave ;
 But stronger far His arm who reigns
 Omnipotent to save !

The countless host of heaven
 His holy will obey ;
 All power on earth to Him be given !
 No man His hand can stay.

Proud reasoner ! cease thy boast,
 No more despise this light,
 Or thou, thyself, art ever lost
 In error's hopeless night !

Δ

THE COME-OUTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

A gentle lady sits alone
 Within an ancient room,
 Hung round with gorgeous tapestry.
 From some famed foreign loom.

Colony in which the Apprenticeship system has been abolished ; and *the only instance in which the transition from Slavery to Freedom has been completely successful*, excepting the island of BERMUDA, where the same course has been adopted, and the same happy result produced.

“ ANTIGUA, Aug. 7.—The great doubt is solved ; the alarming prognostications of the advocates for slavery falsified ; the highest hopes of the negro's friends fulfilled, and their pledges honourably redeemed.
 * * * * Surely never was the hand of Divine Providence more strikingly manifested in human affairs than in the *peace, quietness, and decorum* with which the negro population have passed from slavery to freedom, and now entered afresh upon their duties.”—*Aug. 21.*—
 “ Not the least symptom of insubordination has manifested itself anywhere ; and the daily accounts from all quarters testify to the excellent disposition and conduct of the new freemen.”—*Sept. 11.*—“ The Colony has passed a law, fixing the wages of labourers at three dollars per month, with which the negroes are perfectly satisfied, and the greater portion of them have remained with their former masters, and gone to work with a better spirit than ever.”

The figures wrought with matchless skill,
 In life-like colours, tell
 Of holy battles fought long since
 Against the infidel.

There the broad cedars spread their shade,
 And here the palm-trees rise,
 And the proud banners of the cross
 Float through the Syrian skies !

And holy knights and armed priests
 Are fittingly pourtrayed,
 And glory and devotion both
 The artist's fancy aid.

But higher on that lofty wall
 More hallowed faces shine ;
 There hang the pictured forms that once
 Were human—now divine.

Martyrs, whose frowning features yet
 The marks of torture bear,
 And saints, whose calm seraphic brows
 By contrast look more fair.

And straight before the lady's face
 A lovelier presence gleams,
 Decked with the beauty that belongs
 But to the painter's dreams ;

A beauty full of human love,
 But touched by human care,
 And yet made radiant and divine
 Beyond all earth's compare.

Mother of sorrows ! Queen of heaven !
 Ah yes ! that brow and cheek
 Of rapture and of agony,
 Of doubt and triumph speak.

O ! well may woman's sorrowing heart
 Turn hopefully to thee !
 Thou, who hast known and suffered all
 Of woman's destiny.

And yet that lady, sitting there,
 In grief has turned away,—
 The voice now speaking in her soul
 No longer brooks delay.

In still low tones it says to her,
 “Turn but to God for aid;
 Nor saint nor angel stands between
 Him and the soul He made.

“Shrine, altar, and confessional,
 Picture, and cross, and head
 May sweetly to thy heart recall
 Its childhood’s cherished creed.

“The burning lamp, the roses cast
 Before some hallowed shrine,
 May to thy youthful fancy seem
 Memorials divine;

“But mark—of God’s essential truth
 These things make not a part;
 These thou may’st yield, and yet retain,
 Within thy inmost heart,

“Such reverence for His holy will,
 For all His love such praise,
 As never outward form or rite
 Within that heart could raise.

“Start not at Duty’s angel voice,
 That says, From sin divide;
 The truth, for which thou leavest all,
 Shall comfort, aid, and guide.”

Across that lady’s darkened path
 A burst of sunshine broke;
 And she was one, in after years,
 Who heard when Luther spoke.

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

THE COME-OUTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The following lines are illustrative of a remarkable feature in the anti-slavery movement of America—one which has procured for some of the most devoted abolitionists the derisive name of “Come-outers.” Grieved and disappointed by the continued sanction of their ministers to the iniquitous system of slavery, conscience has compelled many to withdraw from the religious Societies with which they were connected—to leave places of public worship with which their earliest and holiest sympathies have been associated. This trying position is here depicted by a lady who left a Congregationalist Church where she had worshipped from her infancy.

Look at the ancient meeting-house
That stands amid the trees ;
Its tall white spire, for many miles,
The weary traveller sees.

Enter, and mark the reverent crowd
That fills its ample space ;
What stern unsmiling sanctity
Is stamped on every face.

No sculptured arch nor frescoed wall
Within these courts appear ;
No gilded shrine nor altar high
May find an entrance here.

The pulpit tall, the sounding-board,
The gallery for the choir,—
No other “carved work” did the sons
Of pilgrim sires desire.

How little to poetic taste
These humble walls can speak ;
And yet before their silent power
The strongest hearts grow weak.

For the last time a maiden stands
Within this holy place ;
And all unfelt the quiet tears
Are stealing o’er her face.

Beneath that white unpictured roof
 Her earliest prayers were said ;
 The teachings of God's holy Word
 Were from that pulpit read.

The sweetest hymns she ever sung
 Have echoed from these walls :
 Their dying cadence even yet
 Upon her memory falls.

But the clear, earnest voice of truth,
 Throughout all time the same—
 Whispers, "Thy love and fealty
 I, I alone may claim.

"The prayers, the songs once uttered here,
 If uttered from thy heart,
 Shall give thee strength to turn away,
 And from this spot depart.

"Thou hast implored that God would make
 Thy path of duty plain ;
 Has he not poured such light that thou
 Canst wander not again ?

"Millions of slaves in anguish lie
 Before the church's eyes ;
 And God in thunder-tone demands
 Mercy, not sacrifice.

"What says the church? She coldly turns
 Her glances from the slave,
 To send her sympathies and prayers
 O'er every ocean wave.

"No true communion canst thou find,
 The helpless slave forgot ;
 For where no love for man is found,
 Worship of God is not.

"Thou needest not a priestly voice
 To tell thee what is truth,
 When thou canst say, 'O wilt not Thou,
 My Father, guide my youth?'"

Her tears were dried, her face grew calm,
 From that clear inward light
 Which never yet misguided one
 That sought its beams aright.

Thanks be to God that every age
 Records the heroic deed
 Of conflict won for human weal
 O'er usage, sect, and creed.

But never to the nations yet
 A holier work he gave
 Than that appointed to *our* time,—
 THE FREEDOM OF THE SLAVE!

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

SONNETS.

I.

THE chiming of the distant bell comes borne
 On the faint wings of the flower-laden air ;
 It breaks the stillness of the Sabbath morn,
 And summons to the rites of praise and prayer ;
 But I no more may in that worship share,
 No longer bend at that familiar shrine ;
 The altar that my heart hath deemed so fair
 Is lit no longer by a light Divine.
 No prayer goes upward from yon temple high
 For the deliverance of the trampled slave !
 His cruel wrongs, his bitter destiny,
 In yon proud courts may no remembrance crave.
 From such a spot my heart in sorrow turns,
 And for a purer, holier worship burns.

II.

WHAT though my footsteps may not press the floor
 By human hands made consecrate to Thee,
 And though I may not mid the crowd adore,
 Yet, Father ! wilt thou not vouchsafe to me

The beauty of thy holiness to see,—

And on the glory of thy face to gaze,
With heart alike from pride and passion free,

As though the proudest dome that man could raise
Were witness to the sacrifice I bring?

Were *mine own heart* for Thee a temple meet,
The praises through the loftiest roofs that ring

Would not be incense in thy sight more sweet
Than its unuttered worship. Father, hear,
And in my inmost heart thine altar rear!

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

THE gloom of life's departing day
Is darkening round a royal bed,
And on a cheek and brow like clay
There falls that nameless shadow dread,
Which tells that death draws darkly nigh
To solve of life the mystery.

The chief of Brunswick's ancient line,
With fading eye and anxious heart,
Watches the sinking sun's decline;
And, as the shadows come and part,
He marks the crimson radiance fall
Where hang the pictures on the wall.

There, by some skilful limner's hand,
Was many a foughten field pourtrayed;
There haughty chief and warlike band
Their strength in feats of arms displayed;
And all the pageantry of strife
Glowed with the colouring of life.

And days of youth, and strength, and hope,
Before the dying warrior rose,
Days when his arm and sword could cope
With valiant and unnumbered foes;
The clash of spears, the trumpet's note,
Seemed through the quiet room to float.

A few brief moments,—and the dreams
 So fraught with power and glory fade;
 How light his proudest memory seems
 In truth's unerring balance weighed!
 The solemn hour has come at last,
 When conscience truly notes the past.

His wearied mind rejects them all—
 The hurried scenes of years gone by,
 As council board and banquet hall,
 And battle-field before him lie.
 With sickening heart, he turns away,
 For holier memories to pray.

And as the deepening twilight pours
 Its shadows through the lonely room,
 That worn and waiting spirit soars
 Above the clouds of night and gloom;
 Light on those pallid features breaks,
 As thus, in broken tones, he speaks.

“At length the hour of darkness lifts
 Its weight from off my fainting soul,
 And peace and joy, those gracious gifts
 Of God's free Spirit, o'er me roll.
 The strife, the sin of years long past
 Beneath my feet I gladly cast.

“One blest remembrance shall remain,
 To pour its light around my way,
 And in the midst of care and pain
 Its influence shall my spirit stay.
 List, while in few and faltering words,
 My voice Christ's faithfulness records.

“Fain would my failing mind recal
 The memory of that April day,
 When, bound for Worms's council hall,
 The thronging thousands took their way.
 There king and bishop, priest and peer,
 Had come a simple monk to hear.

“In all the pomp of earthly power,
 Charles and his courtiers graced the hall ;
 While Rome’s proud legate felt that hour
 An earthly empire far too small ;
 A throne, a sceptre, baubles these
 To him who claims St. Peter’s keys.

“I too was there, and through my breast
 A thrill of scornful pity ran,
 As, in his humble vestment drest,
 Up rose one solitary man.
 The lowly monk, the miner’s son,
 Stood forth unaided and alone.

“Nor earthly help, nor human aid
 He needed in that trial hour ;
 Strong in the truth, and undismayed,
 He witnessed to that mighty power
 That fires the lip and nerves the heart
 God’s sternest counsel to impart.

“I listened, and my brain swam round,
 At the free fearless words he spoke,
 But as their inmost sense I found,
 A blaze of light upon me broke ;
 The pulses of my heart were stirred,
 As that heroic voice I heard.

“He ended, and the crimson flood
 Passed from his cheek and brow away,
 Pale, unsubdued, and calm he stood,
 While wonder, terror, and dismay
 Were marked on every listening face,
 That filled the vast and crowded space.

“On him alone *my* eyes were turned,
 And as his fainting glance I met,
 My very heart within me burned,
 With anxious pity and regret ;
 A cup of wine I poured in haste,
 And bade his lip its virtue taste.

“He drank ; and as he drank he prayed
 That in the stern and final strife,
 When sins and follies darkly weighed
 Upon my parting hours of life,
 The memory of that act of love
 Might prove a blessing from above.

“That prayer ascended not in vain,—
 Its answer is the gentle peace,
 Unmixed with aught of fear and pain,
 In which my spirit waits release.”
 He finished, and the watchers-by
 Felt it were easy thus to die.

The shadows of three hundred years
 Divide us from that dying hour,
 But still the Saviour’s promise cheers
 All who have strength to prove its power.
 A cup of water in His name
 Shall still His blest remembrance claim.

Where’er a human voice is heard
 In witness for the true and right,
 Where’er a human heart is stirred
 To mingle in faith’s glorious fight,
 That voice revere,—that heart sustain !
 It shall not be to thee in vain.

ANNE WARREN WESTON.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
 Two emblems,—one of fame ;
 Alas, the other that it bears,
 Reminds us of your shame.
 The white man’s liberty in types,
 Stands blazoned by your stars ;
 But what’s the meaning of your stripes ?
 They mean your negro-scars.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

STANZAS TO MY SISTER.

WITH A BRACELET COMPOSED OF CRYSTALS AND STONES FROM THE
BERNESE ALPS.

No flashing gem, no jewel rare,
No treasure rich from earth or sea,
I send to deck thy braided hair,
And tell my constant thought of thee.

Yet be the offering dearer far
Than rosary to the devotee,
For every clasp and every stone
Have witnessed thought and prayer for thee.

Rude are its links, but fancy sees
These crystals bright from Alpine hills
Forced downwards by the glacier's might,
Or sparkling in the mountain rills.

They came from where eternal snow
Shines on the Jungfrau's wintry height;
From where the Staubach's misty flow
Gleams in the Lutschen's vale of light;

Or where that wondrous wealth of waves
Flows free in June's rejoicing hour,
They leaped to light from mountain caves,
In the wild cataract's stormy shower.

I stood beneath the mountain height
From whose proud front the Dustfall springs,
And still an ever fresh delight
Its raptures o'er my spirit flings.

The Alpine horn was ringing wild,
From cliff and cave the wave flashed free,
And gaily sang the mountain child:
We blessed them all, and spake of thee—

Of thee and home, and those gay hours
 When, wandering wild o'er hill and wold,
 We talked of Cologne's shrines and towers,
 And of these "Alpine mountains cold."

Thou wert not *here* with me to roam;
 But still a stranger's voice could wake,
 In foreign accents, dreams of home—
 An exile he for freedom's sake.

By the cold spring we stopped to drink;
 The cup was drained to liberty!
 How could I choose but sadly think
 Of that fair land beyond the sea,

Where, vowed to freedom's holy cause,
 We suffered with the suffering slave;
 Bound in the realm of rights and laws,
 Where freedom's home is freedom's grave?

Then died my spirit's glow away—
 "How long, O! Lord," I cried, "how long
 Shall earth's oppressors bear the sway,
 And light be dark, and right be wrong?"

We turned us from the tyrant's roar,
 To mark where by the wayside stood
 A rustic cot, above whose door
 This legend ran in carving rude:—

"With God the house was builded here:
 In God my trust shall still be strong."
 We read the omen bright and clear,
 "Toil still, and trust, nor ask how long."

Wear, then, the chain I send to-day;
 Though rudely framed, it hath a tone
 Of scene by glaciers, rock, and spray,
 Whose memory clings to every stone.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

WHY did ye wake me from my sleep? it was a dream of bliss,
 And ye have torn me from that land to pine again in this;
 Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, that I was laid to rest,
 The turf, with all its withering flowers, upon my cold heart press'd.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—O, would that I
 might die,

So, from my swelling pulse, I could for ever cast them by!
 And on, away o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,
 Till, 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,
 As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day!
 But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing
 bough,

Around the well-known threshold spread a freshening coolness
 now.

The birds, whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the earth,
 As if to greet me back again, with their wild strains of mirth;
 My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laugh'd to lave
 My burning lip, and cheek, and brow in that delicious wave!

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hours,
 And there we laid him to his sleep, among the clustering flowers;
 Yet, lo! without my cottage door, he sported in his glee,
 With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul; when breathing out my name,
 To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones came!
 Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends! the dear and lost ones
 all,

With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my thrall.

Forms long unseen, were by my side; and, thrilling on my ear,
 Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year;
 And on my cheek, fond lips were pressed, with true affection's
 kiss—

And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 'twas a dream of bliss!

E. M. CHANDLER.

THE CONFESSIONS OF THE YEAR.

THE gray old year—the dying year,
 His sands were well nigh run ;
 When there came by one in priestly weed,
 To ask of the deeds he'd done.

“ Now tell me, ere thou treadst the path
 Thy brethren all have trode,
 The scenes that life has shown to thee
 Upon thine onward road.”

“ I've seen the sunbeam rise and set,
 As it rose and set before,
 And the hearts of men bent earthwardly,
 As they have been evermore ;
 The Christian raised his hallow'd fanes,
 And bent the knee to God ;
 But his hand was strong, and guilt and wrong
 Defac'd the earth he trod.

“ The Indian, by his forest streams,
 Still chased the good red deer,
 Or turn'd away to kneel and pray
 With the Christian's faith and fear ;
 The hunting-knife he flung aside,
 He dropp'd the warrior blade,
 And delved for bread the soil o'er which
 His fathers idly stray'd.

“ The white man saw that gold was there,
 And sought, with savage hand,
 To drive his guiltless brother forth,
 A wanderer o'er the land.
 I saw—and gave the tale of shame
 To swell on history's page,—
 A blot upon Columbia's name
 For many a future age.

“ With aching brow and wearied limb,
 The slave his toil pursued ;
 And oft I saw the cruel scourge
 Deep in his blood imbrued ;

He till'd Oppression's soil, where men
 For liberty had bled,
 And the eagle wing of Freedom waved
 In mockery o'er his head.

"The earth was filled with the triumph shout
 Of men who had burst their chains ;
 But his, the heaviest of them all,
 Still lay on his burning veins ;
 In his master's hall there was luxury,
 And wealth, and mental light ;
 But the very book of the Christian law
 Was hidden from him in night.

"In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,
 And songs for the newly free ;
 But his own low cabin was desolate
 Of all but misery.
 He felt it all—and to bitterness
 His heart within him turn'd,
 While the panting wish for liberty
 Like a fire in his bosom burn'd.

"The haunting thought of his wrongs grew changed
 To a darker and fiercer hue,
 Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore
 At last familiar grew ;
 There was darkness all within his heart,
 And madness in his soul,
 And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,
 Blazed up beyond control.

"Then came a scene—O ! such a scene !
 I would I might forget
 The ringing sound of the midnight scream,
 And the hearth-stone redly wet !
 The mother slain while she shriek'd in vain
 For her infant's threaten'd life,
 And the flying form of the frightened child,
 Struck down by the bloody knife.

“There’s many a heart that yet will start
 From its troubled sleep, at night,
 As the horrid form of the vengeful slave
 Comes in dreams before the sight.
 The slave was crush’d, and his fetters’ link
 Drawn tighter than before ;
 And the bloody earth again was drench’d
 With the streams of his flowing gore.

“Ah ! know they not, that the tightest band
 Must burst with the wildest power ?—
 That the more the slave is oppress’d and wrong’d,
 Will be fiercer his rising hour ?
 They may thrust him back with the arm of might,
 They may drench the earth with his blood,—
 But the best and purest of their own,
 Will blend with the sanguine flood.

“I could tell thee more,—but my strength is gone,
 And my breath is wasting fast ;
 Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,
 Will my life from the earth have pass’d ;
 But this, the sum of all I have learn’d,
 Ere I go I will tell to thee ;—
 If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,
 They must let the oppress’d go free.”

THE SLAVE’S APPEAL.

CHRISTIAN mother ! when thy prayer
 Trembles on the twilight air,
 And thou askest God to keep,
 In their waking and their sleep,
 Those whose love is more to thee
 Than the wealth of land or sea,
 Think of those who wildly mourn
 For the loved ones from them torn !

Christian daughter, sister, wife !
 Ye who wear a guarded life—

Ye, whose bliss hangs not, like mine,
 On a tyrant's word or sign,
 Will ye hear, with careless eye,
 Of the wild despairing cry,
 Rising up from human hearts,
 As their latest bliss departs ?

Blest ones ! whom no hands on earth
 Dares to wrench from home and hearth,
 Ye whose hearts are shelter'd well
 By affection's holy spell,
 O, forget not those for whom
 Life is naught but changeless gloom,
 O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
 Hope may paint no brighter morrow !

HEAVEN HELP YE !

HEAVEN help ye, lorn ones ! bending
 'Neath your weary life of pain,
 Tears of ceaseless anguish blending
 With the bitter cup ye drain ;
 Yet think not your prayers ascending,
 Shall for ever rise in vain.

Hearts there are of human feeling,
 That have felt your cry of woe :
 Bear awhile ! and soon revealing
 Brighter prospects with its glow,
 Light across your night-clouds stealing
 Hours of freedom yet may show.

JESUS THE LIBERATOR.

“ He led captivity captive ” (Eph. iv. 8).

FROM heaven the King of glory came
 To raise the fallen to thrones above,
 And through this ransomed world proclaim
 One law of liberty and love :

From sin, to set sin's captives free,
Captive he led captivity.

To death by awful justice doomed,
He found our whole apostate race;
Himself our flesh and blood assumed,
That he might suffer in our place;
From death, to set death's prisoners free,
Captive he led captivity.

For us the pains of hell he bore,
Wrung to the dregs the cup of wrath,
And through the grave, to fall no more,
Opened to paradise our path:
From hell, hell's victims to set free,
Captive he led captivity.

The gates of brass our Saviour broke,
The bars of iron he o'erthrew,
To lighten every galling yoke,
And every manacle undo:
From man, man's bondsmen to set free,
Captive he led captivity.

Lord, as from sin, death, hell, thy power
Unchains the souls to thee that cry,
Of slavery bid the final hour,
Of jubilee the first, draw nigh;
O! haste to set the negro free,
And captive lead captivity.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

“ Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ” (2 Cor. iii. 17).

LIBERTY-IMPARTING Spirit !
Breathe on Afric's fettered race;
That, through thee they may inherit
This divinest gift of grace.

Thou canst break their bonds asunder,
 Thou canst cast their yoke away ;
 Speak ! and in a voice of thunder,
 Which the oppressor must obey.

Tell the man who dares to barter
 In his brother's flesh and blood,
 He has broken the high charter
 Of our common brotherhood !

And for this will stand indicted
 At the judgment-seat on high,
 There to be by God requited
 For usurped authority !

But to the oppressed, heart-broken,
 Speak in tones of gentlest love ;
 And may every word, thus spoken,
 Bear a blessing from above.

Tell them of a freedom greater
 Than of man was ever won ;
 Given them by their great Creator,
 In his Spirit, through his Son !

Where that Spirit has possession
 Of his heart, the slave is free ;
 And, in spite of man's oppression,
 Is a child of liberty !

BERNARD BARTON.

PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

“ For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy; now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him ” (Psal. xii. 5).

“ He shall judge the world in righteousness; he shall minister judgment unto the people. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee ” (Psal. ix. 8-10).

JUDGE of the earth ! thou hast an ear
For sorrow's helpless cry;
Thou hast a treasury for her tear,
A bosom for her sigh :

In long endurance, calmly great,
Thy wisdom sits supreme,
While man, in wickedness elate,
Pursues his guilty scheme;

But comes an hour—most righteous Name,
That hour in mercy speed,
When from the yoke of grief and shame,
His victim shall be freed.

For this, thou wilt be sought unto,
For this, we seek thee now;
O smile upon a praying few,
That in thy presence bow :

Hear, Lord, a people's deep request;
Hear, Lord, the captive's groan;
Hear, Lord, the voice of every breast
That mercy's need hath known :

Many, thy chosen ones, are they
Who wear the festering chain,
Patient in toil, they waste away,
And to their God complain.

In princes, vain it were to trust ;
And vain in human plan ;
Alas ! what refuges of dust
The promises of man !

In dire extreme, to Thee we turn,
All other hope denied ;
Surely our hearts within us burn,
Since first to thee we cried !

Sustain us, through whatever length
Of struggle yet may be,
Till thou exalt thine arm of strength,
And set the prisoner free.

ANN GILBERT.

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ISSUE OF
HALF A MILLION ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

"STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT IS HOT."

AMONGST the means recently adopted to expose the dreadful iniquities of Slavery, none has been more efficacious than the well-known publication, *Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America*. The gratitude of the Christian public is especially due to the gifted authoress for that production of her graphic pen. Her name will be chronicled amongst the most conspicuous benefactors of the human race, and recurred to with feelings of the highest admiration and esteem, when the memory of those who have soaked the earth with human gore will be remembered with abhorrence, or consigned to oblivion.

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55. The Bible against Slavery	1
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